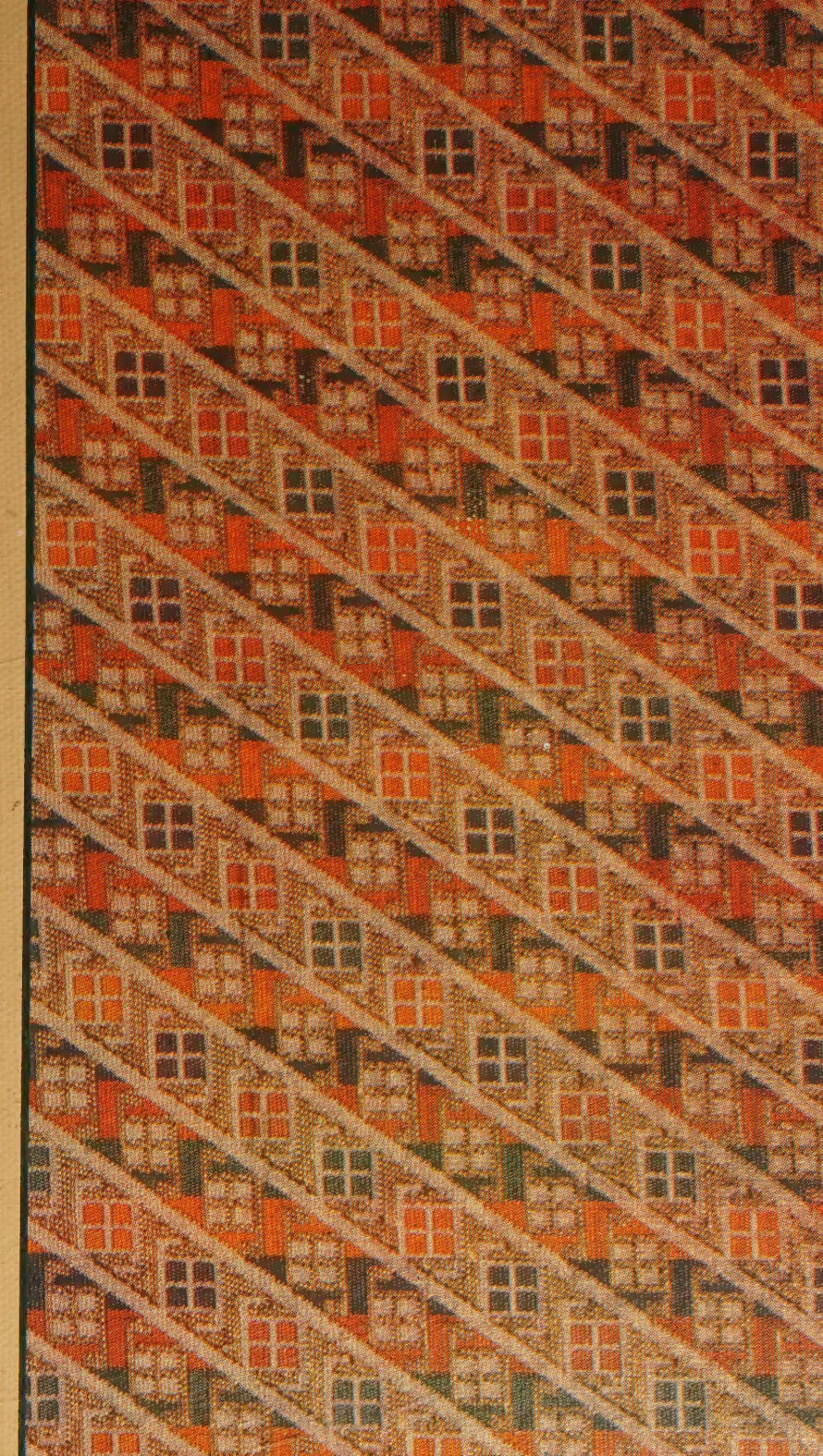




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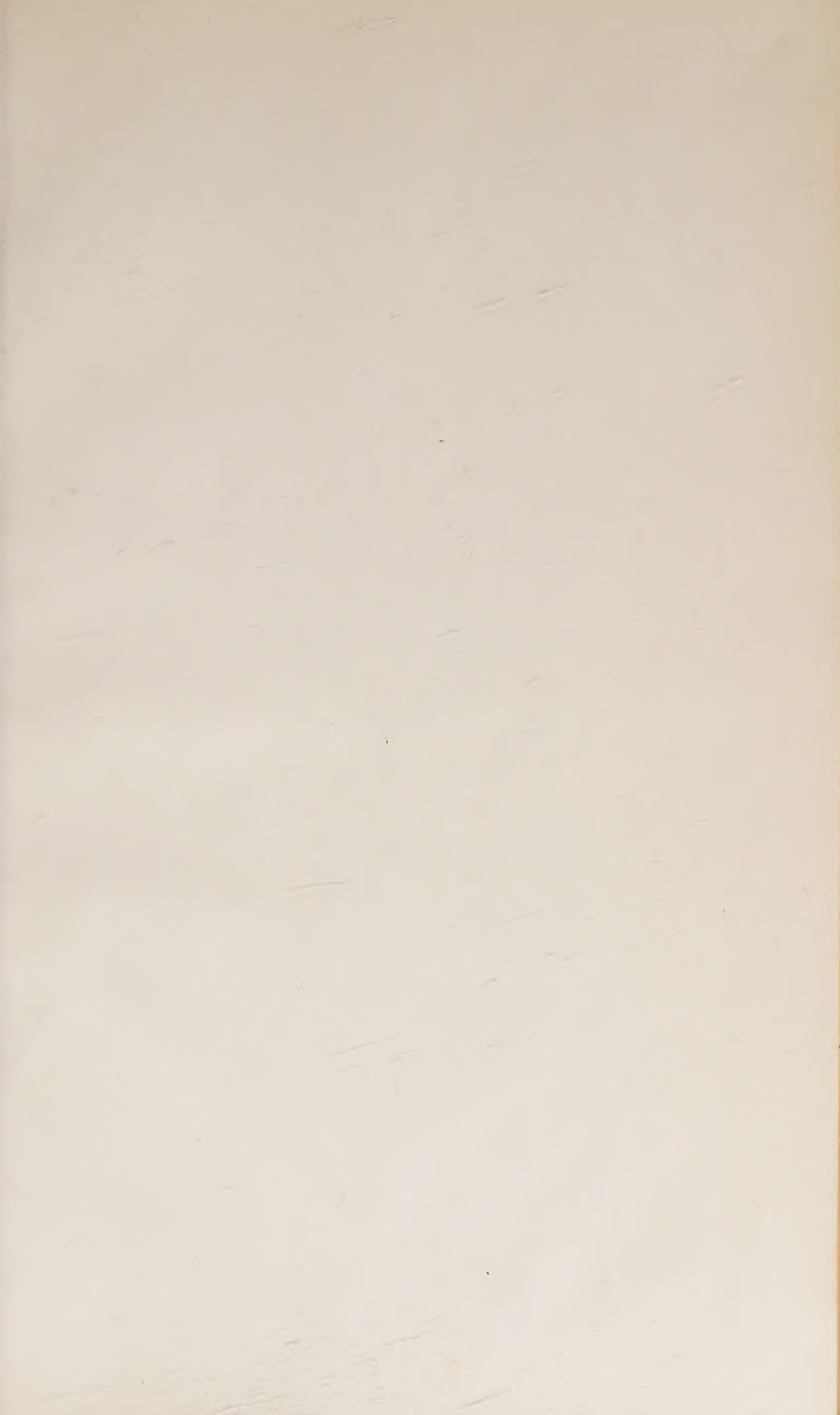
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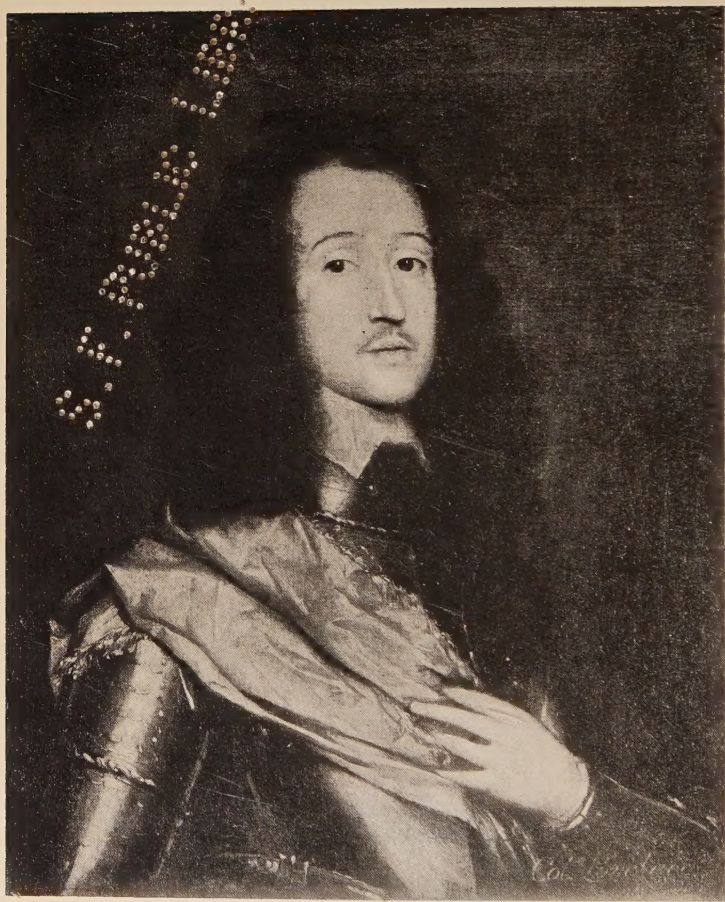


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THE CAVALIER SPIRIT





RICHARD LOVELACE

From the portrait by an unknown painter in the Dulwich College Picture Gallery

THE CAVALIER SPIRIT

AND ITS INFLUENCE ON
THE LIFE AND WORK OF
RICHARD LOVELACE
(1618-1658)

BY
CYRIL HUGHES HARTMANN
M.A., B.Litt.

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I DEDICATE
THIS HISTORY OF THE LIFE AND TIMES OF AN
ILLUSTRIOUS FELLOW-CARTHUSIAN
TO

S BARBOUR, D. N.
V BROUGH, P. H. L.
L FAULKNER, R.
S GOOLDEN, R. P. H.
V HARTMANN, L. G.
B MURDOCH, A.
L SELIGMAN, V. J.
S VERNON, H. B.

AND TO THE MEMORY OF

B HARTMANN, C. H., KILLED IN ACTION.
R RODAKOWSKI, R. J. P., KILLED IN ACTION.
V SCRIVEN, G. H., DIED IN CONSEQUENCE OF
WOUNDS RECEIVED IN THE WAR.

FLOREAT AETERNUM CARTHUSIANA DOMUS.

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PREFACE

Because he was both poet and soldier and therefore able to give expression to his opinions in words as well as in deeds, Richard Lovelace reveals in a very distinct manner the nature of the spirit which animated a great part of the Cavalier party during the Civil War. It is as a Cavalier that he is chiefly considered in this book, which aims at giving a fairly complete picture of the man himself, his friends, and his surroundings, and at forming some sort of an estimate of the influences which coloured his career. Although I have of necessity paid much attention to his work, I have not attempted to make this book in any sense a new edition of his poems, nor have I ventured to go very deeply into any of the numerous problems connected with them. I have, however, endeavoured to give as good a text as possible of those poems I have printed, and in this connection have frequently consulted Professor H. J. C. Grierson who was always ready to give me his invaluable advice on difficult points.

The material relating to Lovelace's career is somewhat scanty. W. H. Hazlitt, who made exhaustive researches for his edition of 1864, had to confess that he had been unable to add very much to the information already known. Nor has anything of outstanding

importance been discovered of late years. I cannot profess to advance much that is new. I claim only to have collected and rearranged such information as was already available and to have corrected any errors and misconceptions that I could discover in Hazlitt's biographical notice, and in the earlier accounts of Aubrey and Anthony Wood. A little additional information has been derived from the Calendars of State Papers, the Journals of the House of Lords and the House of Commons, and various volumes of *Notes and Queries*, *The Gentleman's Magazine*, and *Archaeologia Cantiana*. For information relating to those poets, musicians, and men of letters who were Lovelace's friends I have gone to their own works, Joseph Hunter's unpublished *Chorus Vatum Anglicanorum*, *Collections concerning the Poets and Verse-writers of the English Nation* (Add. MSS. 24,487 to 24,492 in the British Museum), Granger's *Biographical History of England*, William Winstanley's *Lives of the English Poets*, 1687, and Philips' *Theatrum Poetarum*.

A full list of the authorities, both contemporary and modern, consulted for the general history of the period would not be of much service, and I have confined myself to references in the foot-notes when any information has been exclusively derived from one particular source and is not to be found elsewhere.

The Rev. Gerald S. Davies, Master of Charterhouse, and Sir Charles Firth have kindly given me their opinions on several points of importance, and I am indebted to my friend, Mr Peter Brough, for his help with the index during my absence abroad.

In regard to the illustrations ; I have to thank the Duke of Northumberland for permission to reproduce the Syon House picture of Charles I. and the Duke of York, and the proprietors of *The Connoisseur* for the loan of their photograph of the picture. The portraits of Richard Lovelace and 'Althea' are reproduced by permission of the authorities at Dulwich College.

In conclusion it once more gives me great pleasure to acknowledge the debt I owe to the advice and criticism of Lady Helena Carnegie.

CYRIL HUGHES HARTMANN.

CHAPTER I

The Court at Oxford—Mistaken policy of Charles I and Laud—The festivities at the University—Richard Lovelace created Master of Arts—The Lovelace family—Lovelace's childhood and education—Charles I's letter to the Governors of Charterhouse—Lady Lovelace's second marriage—Her will—Lovelace at Oxford—Complimentary verse in the 17th century—A play by Lovelace acted at his College—Lovelace goes to Court—Troubles in Scotland—The King marches North—English apathy—Lovelace joins the army—Character of George Goring—Sir John Suckling—Failure of the Scottish expedition—Lovelace's Sonnet to Goring—The King seeks advice from Strafford—A Parliament summoned and dismissed—The second Scottish expedition—*The Soldier*—Lovelace enters into possession of his inheritance—Character of the Cavaliers—And of the Roundheads.

In the late summer of the year 1636 Archbishop Laud, then Chancellor of the University, was holding high festival in Oxford with the King and Queen and all the Court as his guests. The occasion was in a manner designed to celebrate the success which the King and the Archbishop quite erroneously imagined that they had obtained in their endeavour to establish absolute government in Church and State. Little did they know that they had built their house upon sandy soil, which was already slowly beginning to slip away from beneath the foundations. Nevertheless, the atmosphere of the University town was

well calculated to lull Charles I into a sense of false security, since it was the stronghold of the High Church Party, wherein, though he was unhappily unaware of it, his sole real support at that time consisted. Entirely out of sympathy with his people, he did not realize the extent to which the long years of unparliamentary government had alienated them. The Tudors had founded their despotism on popular consent ; they had always kept their fingers on the pulse of their people, and therefore they knew full well just how far they could go and just when they should draw back. But Charles had disdained to court popularity ; he had held himself severely aloof, and had ever remained ignorant of what was in the hearts of his subjects.

It is true that there seemed to be a universal submission to the arbitrary rule he and his advisers had instituted as a consequence of the troublesome agitations raised by the last Parliament, but the submission was reluctant and temporary, and the supporters of parliamentary government were merely awaiting a suitable opportunity to break out once more into open opposition. The political situation was so unprecedented that the malcontents were at a loss to know how to voice their dissatisfaction. Hitherto Parliament had been their mouthpiece, but now that there was no Parliament, they were obliged to remain silent until such time as new means could be devised for trumpeting their

grievances abroad. Charles mistook passive acquiescence for active agreement: he seemed totally oblivious of the fact that any serious discontent existed.

Laud was as blind as his master. The bitter resentment aroused by his attempt to thrust his Arminian theories on the English Protestants was altogether lost on him. Because many had unwillingly conformed and those whose conscience would not permit them to do so had left the country in large numbers, he fondly imagined that all opposition had been effectively stifled, and was convinced that he was well on his way to triumphing in his object of enforcing unity of outward worship on the whole body of churchmen, and thus restoring the Church to the proud position it had held in the Middle Ages.

And so, deluded by a political mirage, the Court of England diverted itself in the ancient city of Oxford. The festivities arranged at the behest of the Archbishop were noble and magnificent in the extreme. During the week three comedies were staged with elaborate settings devised by that supreme arbiter of taste, Inigo Jones. For such as had reached an age when the pinnacle of enjoyment can be attained only by free indulgence in the pleasures of the table there was a succession of banquets culminating on the final day in a splendid entertainment held by His Grace the Archbishop

himself in his own college of St John. The younger and more frivolous members of the Court were regaled with masques and dancing. Oxford was at this time largely political and literary in character, and the University was filled with young gentlemen engaged in perfecting themselves in the polite accomplishments of the age. To them naturally fell the agreeable task of entertaining the ladies of the Court, who made graceful repayment for their hospitality by soliciting favours for them from the academic authorities. It was at the earnest request of a great lady in attendance on the Queen, made to the Chancellor of the University, that a certain young gentleman, by name Richard Lovelace, was created Master of Arts together with several other persons of quality. This was considered a signal honour, since he was then only eighteen years of age and of scarcely two years standing at the University. But it appears that the honour was not altogether unmerited, for he had already begun to show some signs of his future talent, and his occasional verse was held in great esteem by his fellow-undergraduates. Moreover, he had already won all hearts by his good looks, his unaffected manners, and his engaging personality.

Richard Lovelace came of an old Kentish family, which, since the time of King Edward III, had held the manor of Bethersden, situated between Tenterden and Ashford, and was closely allied to the Lovelaces

of Kingsdown and Canterbury, and rather more remotely to the cadet but more distinguished branch of the family, which was seated at Hurley in Berkshire and boasted a peer for its head. Unlike so many of the country gentlemen of the period, who in culture and education were scarcely to be differentiated from the yeomen farmers and sometimes even from their own cattle, the Lovelaces had not been content just to exist upon their land in bovine tranquillity. They had always served their country in military or legal capacities, and even if their services had scarcely ever been of such distinction as to warrant the transmission of their names to posterity, they can at least be said to have set their modest mark on the public life of their own age, and to have kept up a valuable tradition of useful service. The great-grandfather of the poet, Sir William Lovelace, had been a noted Serjeant-at-Law in Tudor times. He had served as Member of Parliament for Canterbury in 1562 and 1572,¹ and had interested himself deeply in the affairs of his native county, an example which was followed by his son, another William Lovelace, whose merit and efficiency were fittingly rewarded with a knighthood conferred upon him by the Earl of Essex in Dublin in 1599.

William seems to have been a favourite name with the Lovelaces. It was also the name of the poet's

¹ D'Ewes. *Journals of Parliament under Elizabeth*, p. 178.

father. Born in 1583, he had early decided to adopt a military career, and in 1604 applied for and was granted 'a license to serve in the wars under any Christian State or Prince in league with His Majesty during pleasure.' Having joined the English forces serving in the Netherlands under Sir Horace Vere,¹ he speedily distinguished himself, and is mentioned as 'Colonel Lovelace' in an Army List of the States-General of the United Provinces in 1607.² James I knighted him at Theobald's when he was back in England in 1609. He married into a family, which, like his own, boasted legal traditions, for his wife, Anne Barne, was the granddaughter of an Elizabethan Chief Baron of the Exchequer. It appears that he made her native town his permanent head-quarters when in England, since he is usually known as Sir William Lovelace of Woolwich. It is likely that most of his children were born there. When he made his will in 1622 before leaving England for a further period of foreign service, he and his wife had already had four children, a daughter, Anne, and three sons, Richard, Thomas, and Francis. Richard, the eldest son, was born in 1618. Another son, William, and two daughters, Elizabeth and Joan, were to be born before their father's death. He was killed at Gryll in Holland in

¹ Collins, *Letters and Memorials*, II. 322.

² *Hist. MSS. Comm. Report*, II, App. 7, p. 41 (Duke of Leeds' MSS).

1628,¹ and left his wife to bring up this large family of small children, a task which cannot have been rendered any easier by the circumstance that there was another child on its way. Some few months after her husband's death Lady Lovelace gave birth to a fifth son, whom she christened Dudley Posthumus.²

The financial burden of educating her young family fell very heavily on the unfortunate widow. Richard, the eldest son, was sent to Charterhouse, but Lady Lovelace could ill afford the fees for another son, and so determined to try to get one of them into the same school as a poor scholar. This was apparently no rare practice in those days and even later. Herne, writing of the Carthusian foundation in 1677, remarked that 'some persons who have been Members of great and considerable families have been glad to take relief in this, when

¹ His will was proved in July, 1628. Hazlitt's ignorance of the date of Sir William Lovelace's death made him fall into the error of suggesting that Richard may have served under his father in Holland, whereas, of course, he was no more than ten years old at the time of Sir William's death.

The services of Lovelace's father in Holland are thus commemorated in a Latin poem prefixed to *Lucasta*.

Cujus adhuc memorat rediviva Batavia patrem
Inter et Herculeos enumerare solet.

² Much of the information here given regarding the Lovelace family is derived from the Rev. A. J. Pearman's article on "The Kentish Family of Lovelace" in *Archaeologia Cantiana*. Vol. X. See also a letter from Pearman to Hazlitt in *Add MS*, 38,900 f. 317.

their own wealthy relations esteemed them as a burthen.¹

Lady Lovelace made application to no less a person than the King himself to procure her second son a place among the poor scholars on Sutton's foundation. His Majesty easily complied with her request, and his letter² to the Governors of the Charterhouse stated her case with admirable and convincing clarity.

For one of Sr
William Lovelace
sonnes.

From his Matie to ye
Govno^{rs}
of Suttons Hospitall.

Whereas wee are given to understande that Sr William Lovelace K^t after hee had served about thirty yeares in ye warres and was slayne at ye last Seige of Grolle and his fortunes most depending upon ye warre left his Lady ritch only in great store of children And shee most humbly beseeching us to bestow one of o^r places in Sutton's hospitall upon one of hir sonnes. Wee are well pleased to grant hir request. Wherefore o^r Royal pleasure is yt the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury and other of ye Gover^{rs} of ye said Hospitall doe take order that Thomas Lovelace hir sonne may bee admitted into ye said house o^r prime place at ye next elecon.

¹ Herne, *Domus Carthusiana*.

² Egerton MS, 2553, f. 50b.

Given under our hand this — day in ye fourth
yeare of o^r raigne.

But Lady Lovelace seems after all to have been able to adjust her expenses so as to avoid taking advantage of this benefit. If Thomas Lovelace went to Charterhouse at all, he was certainly not upon the foundation. Conceivably her second marriage to Jonathan Browne, Doctor of Laws, of London,¹ improved her circumstances and enabled her henceforth to devote the entire income from the Lovelace estate to the education of her children. By Dr Browne she had one daughter, Anne; but her second married life was of brief duration, for she died in 1633, leaving her husband a co-guardian of her children together with her brother, Miles Barne.

Lady Lovelace's will² gives a delightful impression of her personality. The manner in which she disposed of her property shows her to have been a fond and a just mother, and affords curious evidence of the pride she took in her household and the capability with which she managed her domestic affairs. To Richard, her eldest son, she bequeathed 'my furniture for a bedd of blacke velvet with cushions, chaires, and carpetts, as the same is wrought in colours by his grandmother the Lady

¹ *Archaeologia Cantiana*. XX. p. 54. Article by the Rev. A. J. Pearman.

² Somerset House, *Russell*, 51.

Lovelace, and my best suit of diaper, which I made in the Low Countries, and a paire of fine holland sheets and a blacke gilded Cabonett which was his fathers, and all those goods and implements of household as are standing and remayning in his cheife house at Bethersden aforesaid, and the pictures of his father and myselfe and his grandfather,¹ and my wedding ring wch was his ffathers.'

Sir William Lovelace by his will had made ample provision for Richard, as his heir, and had also left all his 'stocke and adventure which is in the East India company' to his eldest daughter, Anne, now married to a clergyman named John Gorsage or Gorsuch, Rector of Walkern in Hertfordshire. To her also Lady Lovelace left only a small personal legacy. 'I give unto my daughter Ann Gorsage my third suite of diaper which I made in the lowe Countries and a paire of holland sheetes and my coloured wrought petticoate and wastcoate and a ring of gold worth twentie shillings to weare in remembrance of me, and my little wooden Cabonet.' The rest of the property in her disposition was distributed among the younger children.

It was considered essential by his guardians that Richard, as the new owner of Bethersden and the

¹ The portraits of the two Sir William Lovelaces here mentioned are undoubtedly identical with those now in Dulwich College Picture Gallery, having been bequeathed together with other Lovelace portraits by the actor Cartwright in 1687. The picture of Lady Lovelace herself has disappeared, though it too was formerly in Cartwright's possession.

head of his branch of the family, should be educated in accordance with his quality, and so when he left Charterhouse he was entered as a Gentleman Commoner at Gloucester Hall, Oxford, where he matriculated on June the 27th, 1634 as :—'Ricardus Lovelace, filius Ius Gul Lovelace de Woolwich in com Kant, arm au, nat 16.' He was then accounted, says Anthony Wood, 'the most amiable and beautiful person that ever eye beheld, a person also of innate modesty, virtue, and courtly deportment which made him then, but especially after, when he retired to the great city, much admired and adored by the female sex.'¹

By inclination as well as by tradition Lovelace was of such stuff as Cavaliers were made of. It was only natural that a young man of his gay and sociable disposition should wish to attach himself to the Court circle, and he could count himself fortunate in that the opportune presence of the King and Queen at Oxford had rendered it a simple matter for him to ingratiate himself with them on the very threshold of his career. His talents well fitted him to take a place in the most cultivated Court that this country has ever known. Everyone who was interested in Literature or any of the Arts was assured of a welcome from that most discerning of connoisseurs, King Charles the First, and to be a writer of graceful lyrics in itself gave a man a passport to royal favour.

¹ Wood, *Athenae Oxonienses*.

Ever since the days of the noble sonneteers, Surrey and Wyatt, the writing of verse had been considered one of the natural accomplishments of a well-bred English gentleman, and now more than ever before the Court was haunted by a throng of avowedly unprofessional poets. Lovelace himself should be numbered among them, since he never considered himself exclusively or even primarily a poet. He aspired to being a soldier and a courtier, and both his military and courtly aspirations are reflected in his poetry. The courtier-poets had recently evolved a peculiar kind of complimentary verse, which they manufactured with more ease than sincerity to suit any sort of occasion that might arise. Congratulations and condolences alike were inevitably conveyed in conventional verse, and the literature of the time abounds with such productions, for the most part utterly uninspired and uninspiring, and only in the very rarest instances adding anything to the reputation of their authors. Many versifiers of the period never rose above this sort of thing, and even the most illustrious of poets such as Milton and Donne sometimes descended to it. Lovelace was guilty of a considerable amount of this indifferent verse, unashamedly composed in accordance with the accepted pattern ; in fact, most of his earliest efforts seem to have been of this nature. The first poem of his known to have been printed was *An Elegie. Princess Katherine borne, christened, buried in one*

day.¹ He also early followed the fashion of prefixing a copy of commendatory verses to books written by his friends. Some verses of his are to be found before Anthony Hodge's English version of *The Loves of Clitophon and Leucippe*, published in 1638, and before *Pallas Armata*, 1639, attributed to Gideon Ashwell. But though most of this verse was trivial and unimportant, he was not even now devoid of more serious literary ambitions. While still at Oxford he had written a play, *The Scholar*, which was acted with great applause at his college, Gloucester Hall, and was afterwards repeated in London at the Whitefriars theatre in Salisbury Court, with a new prologue and epilogue written for the occasion.²

When he left Oxford, Lovelace 'retired in great splendour to the Court,' where his graceful wit and lavish generosity speedily added to the favourable impression already made by his charm and his good looks. It had always been his ambition to adopt a military career, and in all probability he would have followed his father's example and sought service in the wars abroad, had not an immediate opportunity occurred of gaining military experience at home.

The year 1637 saw the first outburst of organized opposition to Laud's ecclesiastical policy. It came not in England, but in Scotland, where Presbyterianism

¹ It was included in *Musarum Oxoniensium Charisteria*, 1638.

² Wood, *Athenae Oxonienses*.

had gained a strength and influence that English Puritanism had not so far been able to attain. Considering that in the General Assembly of the Church Scottish religious feeling possessed a channel through which it could express itself, it was sheer madness on the part of Charles and Laud to attempt to force on the Scots a prayer-book even more ritualistic in tendency than that which had aroused so much opposition in England. The whole nation united in angry defence of its religion. Not only was the new liturgy scornfully rejected, but an insistent counter-demand was made for the complete suppression of episcopacy. When the King not unexpectedly refused to accept a demand, the granting of which would have firmly established the very principles he was seeking to eradicate, the Scots took matters into their own hands, and at an assembly held in Glasgow solemnly declared episcopacy abolished, and entered into a covenant to defend their own Presbyterian system. Charles felt that in dignity he could scarcely swallow so outrageous an affront to his declared will, and unwisely determined to enforce obedience to his commands. Unwise his decision was, but perfectly understandable. The whole spirit of the age was keenly and unremittingly opposed to any idea of toleration, and the King was no more bigoted than his opponents, as they were to show later on when they attempted to force their own ecclesiastical



KING CHARLES I.

From an engraving drawn by E. Lutterell, engraved by Michael van der Gucht.

system on the English as the price of their assistance to the Parliamentary side in the Civil War.

In England there was little sympathy with Charles's decision to proceed to war against the Scots. With the cessation of private warfare the traditional hostility between the two nations had converted itself by a natural process into a lingering prejudice in which there was more of indifference than antagonism. Englishmen had long ago lost all interest in Scotland ; they knew little of the country and cared still less. Moreover, since the Stuarts had made no attempt to bring about a union between the two kingdoms, but had always maintained two distinct governments, they now felt that they were little concerned in this dispute between the Scots and their sovereign. When Charles marched North and called upon his loyal nobles to rally round him, he found it difficult to arouse them from the apathy with which they viewed the whole project. They came in obedience to their monarch's command, but their hearts were not in the business on hand. ' They appeared,' says Clarendon, ' rather out of compliment than affection to the design.'¹

The King's progress bore more resemblance to a theatrical pageant than to the march of an army bent on serious military endeavour. The most part of those who had obeyed the royal summons had appeared in their capacity of courtiers ; the soldiers

¹ Clarendon, *History of the Rebellion*.

were in the minority and were allowed little voice in the direction of affairs. Such enthusiasm as there was in the King's army was almost entirely confined to those whom a love of adventure inspired with a thirst for military glory, or whose ambition made them eager for opportunities to advance themselves, while the religious and political aspects of the expedition interested them very little, if at all. Among these was young Richard Lovelace, who had obtained a commission as ensign ¹ in the regiment of Colonel George Goring, eldest son of Lord Goring, afterwards known as the Earl of Norwich. Here was a commander well suited to appeal to the imagination of an ardent and romantic youth like Lovelace. Some ten years older than his new ensign, he could already show honourable scars won in battle in the Dutch wars. His brilliant exterior concealed an unruly ambition and an untrustworthy, intriguing spirit, but in the field he was a dashing soldier and in private life a dazzling and generous companion—too generous, in fact, as his father-in-law, the Earl of Cork, had good reason to know. When that nobleman gave his consent to the marriage of his daughter, Lettice, to George Goring, he was committing one of the gravest financial mistakes of his career, for he was thereafter called upon to settle his son-in-law's debts at irregular, but none the less frequent intervals.

¹ Peacock, *Army Lists of the Cavaliers and Roundheads*, p. 76.

It was probably about this time that Lovelace first met Sir John Suckling,¹ the gayest and wittiest of all the Cavalier poets and the darling of the Court. He came on this expedition in much the same spirit as that in which he was wont to attend other diversions of the Court, though he was wiser than many a less frivolous man than himself in realizing that on such an occasion he ought to express his loyalty in a practical form, and had raised for His Majesty a troop of a hundred horse, which he proposed to maintain at his own charges. But even now he could not resist introducing a measure of the picturesque element both his admirers and detractors had learned to expect of him, and the uniforms he personally designed for his troops are said to have been more appropriate for the ballet than for the field. Elaborate white doublets were worn with scarlet coats and scarlet breeches, and scarlet plumes adorned the hats of his followers.

If Lovelace had had hopes of earning imperishable glory by stirring exploits against the Scottish

¹ The possibility that Lovelace was the person addressed in the first line of Suckling's most famous poem, *A Ballad upon a wedding*: ('I tell thee, Dick, where I have been,') is increased, says Hazlitt, (*Notes and Queries*, 4th Series, Vol. II) by the statement in *Harleian MS 6917* that the poem was written on the marriage of his kinsman, Lord Lovelace. It is more generally and, it must be confessed, with more likelihood believed to have been written on the occasion of Lord Broghill's marriage to Lady Margaret Howard; but it is, of course, conceivable that the error was made by some person who knew that the poem was addressed to Lovelace and drew a false conclusion from the circumstance.

enemy, he was doomed to disappointment. The glittering and pompous progress of the royal army may have been stimulating to the romantically-minded, but from a military standpoint it was the dullest possible of wars. The Scots had gathered together a moderately well-organized army of some twenty thousand men including a valuable leaven of veterans who had fought in the Dutch or Swedish services. They were drawn up in a strong position on Dunse Law near Berwick. It soon became obvious to the King that the moral as well as the strategic superiority was in the possession of his enemies, for he could scarcely expect to obtain a victory over them with the grudging aid of an army that consisted for the most part of men who had no desire to fight the Scots, but were, if anything, more or less in sympathy with them. In the circumstances he saw himself forced to temporize, and with the utmost reluctance agreed to open negotiations. On the 17th of June, 1639, a treaty was made, the complete uselessness of which was ineffectively concealed under its grandiloquent title of 'The Pacification of Berwick.' Each party was perfectly aware that the other had not the slightest intention of abiding by its provisions.

Either Lovelace must have been involved in some minor skirmish which his youthful enthusiasm had immediately magnified, or else he permitted himself a rather excessive amount of poetic licence in the

sonnet he now addressed to his commanding officer, for it would undoubtedly induce in the casual reader a belief that some sort of a war had actually taken place, whereas there had in reality been no fighting at all. The circumstances scarcely justified so lavish a praise of Goring's martial achievements, but the little poem seems worth reprinting, if only for its pleasant strain of Bacchanalian exuberance.¹

The stubborn opposition of the entire Scottish nation and the signal failure of his attempt to force his will on them did not stir Charles I one tittle from his determination. The more unmistakable a warning the less he heeded it. He regarded the treaty with the Scots simply as a temporary expedient designed to afford him a breathing-space in which to organize a further attack. He repudiated it as soon as he conveniently could, and sought the advice of the Earl of Strafford, who, as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, had shown evidence of possessing far greater capability than any other of the royal advisers. Strafford advised the King to summon a Parliament. Such counsel coming from such a quarter was unexpected, and, in truth, it is likely that Strafford's long absence in Ireland had caused him to lose touch with English affairs and to miss the significance of recent events. Had he been able to gauge beforehand the temper of the Commons, he would doubtless have hesitated before

¹ Printed on page 25

giving them an opportunity to voice their grievances. After some demur the King accepted Strafford's advice ; but, as soon as Parliament met, it became quite clear that, angered by the arbitrary manner in which money had been raised during the years of absolute government and stimulated by the example of the Scots, opposition was beginning to crystallize in England also. Not only did the new Parliament refuse to grant His Majesty any supplies without previous redress of grievances, but many of its members openly professed sympathy with the Scots and demanded the abandonment of the war. There was nothing left for the King but to dissolve Parliament, and to turn again to Strafford in the hope that he might be able to devise some means of raising the money necessary for the prosecution of the war.

Strafford was agreed with Charles as to the advisability of pursuing a vigorous policy against the Scots, but he was convinced that from now onwards they would have to rely almost entirely on help derived from Ireland. At his instance the Irish Parliament granted several subsidies to the King, so that, with £300,000 subscribed by certain of His Majesty's loyal subjects over here, the financial side of the expedition was assured. The weakness was in the army, and not so much in its numerical inferiority as in its apathy. Strafford strongly urged Charles to reinforce it with six

thousand magnificently-trained Irish troops, but before such an expedient the King drew back. Without these men, upon whom he knew he could rely, Strafford could do nothing; not even his vivid personality could infuse any spirit into a disaffected army.

The second expedition was even more disastrous than the first. This time the Scots grew bold enough to take the offensive against their aggressors. In August, 1640, they invaded England, driving Charles's army in panic before them at Newburn-on-Tyne. The King was once more forced to negotiate, and on this occasion at a still greater disadvantage, since he was obliged to agree to the occupation of Northumberland and Durham by the Scots as security for the reimbursement of their expenses. He was in a hopeless quandary. Now that all other financial expedients had failed, he knew that he could never obtain the necessary money without summoning a Parliament. As a last 'desperate move he commanded a great Council of the Peers to meet him at York, but from them also he received the inevitable advice to summon a Parliament as soon as possible. In the meantime the peers appointed commissioners to treat with the Scots at Ripon, and the Parliament was summoned to meet on November the 3rd, 1640.

Lovelace also took part in the second expedition, still in Goring's regiment. The tragedy called

The Soldier which he wrote about this time was no doubt considerably influenced by his military experiences, and for that reason it is all the more to be regretted that it has never come down to posterity. The suppression of the stage by Puritanical tyranny prevented its production, and it does not appear to have been printed.

On returning from the Scottish expeditions, Lovelace, having attained his majority, went down into Kent to enter into possession of his property, which, besides the manor-house of Bethersden, included land at Chart, Halden, Shadoxhurst, and Canterbury, the whole estimated to be worth some £500 a year, a respectable income in those days, when the value of money was so high. He appears to have made up his mind to settle down on his estate for some years at least and to assume the duties and privileges of a country gentleman, interesting himself in local affairs in the manner of his forefathers. This local patriotism has always been one of the most interesting characteristics of English life, and was responsible to no small degree for the spirit which animated the country gentlemen who were the King's most loyal adherents during the Civil War.

[The Cavaliers of the 17th century were remarkable for an intense personal love for their country, based partly on sentiment and tradition, but partly also on their very real affection for the surroundings

in which they had been brought up. They were, therefore, ready to make any sacrifice, even that of life itself, to preserve their beloved land's ancient institutions, amongst which they deemed the monarchy the most important. To them it mattered little whether the King were in the right or in the wrong ; he was an essential part of England, and even as a symbol he meant more to them than any abstract ideal of liberty. Therein lay the difference between their ideals and those of the Roundheads. It was not patriotism of the land-loving kind that animated the Puritan party. There was in them no unquestioning love of country, no deep-set devotion to the very soil of England. Liberty, both political and religious, was their aim, and if, after every possible effort had been made, it could not be procured in England, they were prepared to quit the land, and remove themselves for ever to some place where their aspirations could be realized. Not that they did not love their country in their own way ; doubtless they did, and doubtless it nearly broke their hearts to leave it. But leave it they did, for liberty came first with them. Twenty thousand Puritans left the country between 1628 and 1640. Cromwell himself was once very near to doing so. According to Clarendon, he declared that, if the Grand Remonstrance had not been passed, he would have sold all he had and quitted the country. Such a point of view would have

seemed incomprehensible to the Cavaliers. England with all its faults was more to them than liberty or even happiness. Exiled from their own land they could not hope for happiness, and, indeed, most of them during the years when their enemies were triumphant preferred to remain in England and suffer persecution rather than to seek freedom abroad. There was no flight of the Cavaliers during the Protectorate to correspond to the wholesale migrations of the Puritans in the days of the Laudian persecutions. And yet conditions at home were made just as hard for them. Even those who were forced to fly to save their very lives departed with the intention of returning as soon as they possibly could ; moreover, they took refuge, not in America, but in some neighbouring country such as Holland or France, whence they could keep their eyes forever turned towards England watching for better days.

Though each in its way instinct with noble altruism, the ideals of Puritan and Cavalier could not but be conflicting. Moreover, they are as alive to-day as they were in the seventeenth century, and even now both schools of thought would find their fervent devotees, if England and Liberty were to be weighed in the balance against each other.

SONNET

*To General Goring, after the Pacification at Berwicke.
A la Chabot.*

Now the *Peace* is made at the Foes rate,
Whilst men of Armes to Kettles their old Helmes
translate,
And drinke in Caskes of Honourable Plate ;
In ev'ry hand a Cup be found,
That from all Hearts a health may sound
To Goring ! to Goring ! see't goe round.

He whose Glories shine so brave and high,
That Captive they in Triumph leade each eare and eye
Claiming uncombated the Victorie,
And from the Earth to Heav'n rebound
Fixt there eternall as this Round
To Goring ! to Goring ! see him Crown'd.

To his lovely Bride in love with scars
Whose eyes wound deepe in Peace, as doth his
sword in wars ;
They shortly must depose the Queen of Stars :
Her cheekes the Morning blushes give,
And the benighted World repreeve,
To Lettice ! to Lettice ! let her live.

Give me scorching heat, thy heat, dry Sun,
That to this payre I may drinke off an Ocean
Yet leave my grateful thirst unquensht, undone ;
Or a full Bowle of heav'nly wine,
In which dissolved Stars should shine
To the Couple ! to the Couple ! th'are Divine

CHAPTER II

The new Parliament—The best political thought opposed to the King—Strafford—Pym's attack on him—Charles I's and Hyde's vain endeavours to save him—He is condemned to death—Revolutionary proceedings of the Commons—Reaction in favour of the King—Charles I withdraws to York—The Commons attack the prayer-book—Indignation in Kent—Sir Edward Deering and the first Kentish petition—Scene in the Sessions House at Maidstone—Lovelace's bold conduct—He is chosen with Sir William Boteler to present the petition—The House of Commons warned by Mr Best—Their alarm—The meeting on Blackheath—The petition presented—The debate thereon—Lovelace and Boteler questioned by the Speaker—Both of them committed to prison—The Speaker reprimands the gentlemen of Kent—No further proceedings taken against the prisoners—Lovelace in the Gatehouse—*To Althea, From Prison*—He petitions for release—Boteler and Lovelace released on bail—Counter-petitions from Kent.

When the new Parliament met, it became increasingly evident that some great and permanent change in the constitution would have to be brought about almost immediately. Charles the First's experiment of absolute government had been a disastrous failure. His personal rule had resembled a despotism without a despot ; for neither he nor his advisers had been strong enough or wise enough to carry out in anything approaching an enlightened manner that political ideal of absolutism which he had inherited from

his father. From the beginning the royal will had invariably been carried out by upstart favourites like Somerset and Buckingham, whose capability was in inverse ratio to their self-confidence. This had mattered less in James's time, since that monarch himself had not been lacking in shrewdness. But Charles possessed no political ability, and under his direction matters had gone from bad to worse. His unfortunate policy had lost him the active support of many who would naturally have been Royalists, if it had not actually driven them into opposition. There was literally no Cavalier party before the Civil War. Practically all the best political thought in England was inimical to the Court and resolute against personal government, though the opposition varied in intensity. Some wished to shatter everything and rebuild the constitution on fresh foundations, others, while perfectly satisfied with the main principles of the old system of government, merely desired that they should not be persistently and arbitrarily misapplied as they had been of late years. At any rate all were agreed that the time had come when some definite readjustment of the balance of powers in the constitution must take place. It must be definitively decided whether King or Parliament was to possess the ultimate supremacy, or, in other words, whether the government henceforth was to be despotic or popular. The decision was not going to be easy ;

clear-sighted men saw that a hard-fought contest was inevitable and that there was nothing for it but that the country would have to work out its own salvation in the bitter school of painful experience.

For the moment the contest seemed to have resolved itself into that of one man against many. There was a well-organized and efficient Parliamentary party led by Pym and Hampden, but from a political point of view the Royalist party at this time consisted of one man only, Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford.

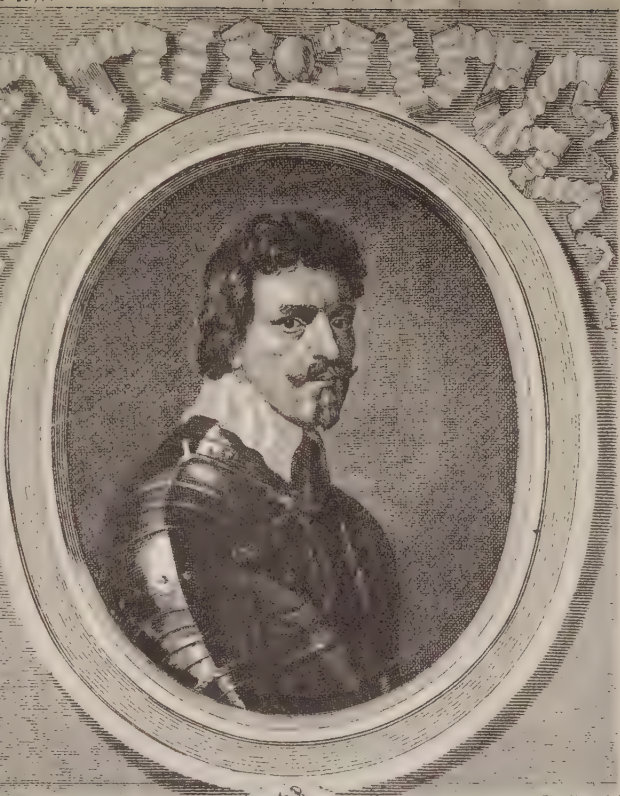
Strafford, now the King's most trusted adviser, had once been one of his fiercest opponents. His experiences as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland had converted him to theories of absolute government. But he was far from having any sympathy with Charles's most cherished theory, the Divine Right of Kings: he was no idealist, no dreamer, but an intensely practical and vigorous man of action, founding his principles rather on the dictates of his own common sense than on abstract theories. His main object was to see England strongly and competently governed, and to his own mind that object could be attained in no other way than by establishing once for all the absolute sovereignty of the Crown. The observations he had made during his own Parliamentary career had forced him to the definite conclusion that Parliament had not

yet shown itself fit to govern. A despotism was the only other alternative. But absolute rule as he vizualized it was to be very different from the arbitrary misgovernment of the last few years: it was to be efficient, and above all it was to be enlightened. It was for the good of his people that the King was to rule, though he himself was to determine in what that good consisted. Strafford had an utter contempt for public opinion, and it was his sincere conviction that the people were not yet sufficiently advanced in political knowledge to bear any part in the direction of their own affairs. Such theories as these were bound to set him in diametrical opposition to the party led by Pym. He stood alone: he had no followers. It is true that among the Roman Catholics there existed a small party which had the same objects as himself, but he was not in sympathy with them, and by them he was cordially detested.

From the very first all the efforts of Pym and his friends were devoted to compassing the ruin of this man, whom they rightly regarded as the chief stumbling-block to their projects. All else was postponed to this single purpose. The royal resentment against the Scots was not shared by the Commons, who were not slow in entering into an understanding with the Scottish Commissioners whereby the Scottish army would not retire from England until the downfall of Strafford had been brought about.

Strafford was forthwith impeached on a charge of High Treason. But it appeared exceedingly doubtful whether all the offences alleged against him, even if proved up to the hilt, which was most unlikely, would constitute High Treason. And so the Commons, unwilling to leave anything to chance, and fearing lest the peers' sense of justice should prove stronger than their sense of political expediency, resolved to substitute an Act of Attainder for the impeachment. After all, since the man's death had been positively decided upon, the actual formalities mattered very little, and it was no doubt infinitely less troublesome to everyone concerned simply to vote him to death.

With horror the King was gradually brought to the realization that he would have to sacrifice the only man who stood between him and his enemies. The Commons had played their cards well. So long as the Scots continued their occupation of the Northern counties, a dissolution of Parliament was out of the question. Charles made despairing efforts to save Strafford from death. He announced that he would be willing to dismiss him for ever from his counsels, if only his life could be spared. But Pym and his hounds were out for blood. Charles had to give way step by step before their ruthless insistence. At last he even went so far as to say that he would be willing to abide by the result of a fair trial, even if the death-sentence were passed ;



R. White fecit



S^T THOMAS WENTWORTH
Viscount Wentworth, Baron
howse, Newmarch, Oversley &
and Generall Govern^r of the
President of y^e Council establish^d
L^{ie}utenant of y^e County & City
Privy Counsell and Knight of y^e

K^{ING} EARLE of STRAFFORDE
Wentworth y^e Wentworth Wood
Raby L^{ie}utenant Generall
Kingdome of Ireland, and L^{ie}
ed in y^e North parts of England
York & one of his. H^{is} most h^{on}
most Noble Order of the Garter

THOMAS WENTWORTH, EARL OF STRAFFORD

From an engraving by Robert White.

but he declared that he could not in conscience take part in an Act of Attainder. His attitude met with a certain amount of sympathy from some of the more moderate members. Clarendon, then Mr Edward Hyde, although an opponent of Strafford, asserts that he attempted to gain over some of the prominent Parliamentary leaders to the King's point of view. But when he pleaded with the Earl of Essex for Strafford's life, he was met with the now famous rejoinder: 'Stone-dead hath no fellow.' The truth was that no one trusted the King; it was felt that, in spite of his promise, he would take Strafford into his service again at the earliest opportunity, if the Commons once allowed him to slip through their fingers. As for the King's conscience, for that Essex told Hyde that he did not care a straw. In his opinion 'the King was obliged in Conscience to conform himself and his own understanding to the advice and conscience of his parliament.'¹

So soon as the King's efforts on Strafford's behalf became known, the ire of the House of Commons was thoroughly roused, and nothing on earth could have saved him. In Whitehall a surging crowd stirred up by the popular leaders relentlessly clamoured for Strafford's head. The Bill of Attainder was passed in the Commons with few dissentient voices, and the Lords were speedily browbeaten

¹ Clarendon, *History of the Rebellion*.

into following the example of the Lower House. It was practically by violence that the King's assent was obtained. By dint of working on the feelings of the populace Strafford's enemies managed to create a regular tumult at the gates of the palace, until Charles, fearing for the safety of his wife and family, at last allowed his assent to be given to the Bill by Commission.

It is scarcely to be wondered at that after Strafford's execution the King seemed for a time to lose all his spirit. He set his hand to anything and everything that Parliament placed before him. The House of Commons swept on in a seemingly irresistible tide. They declared Ship-money illegal ; they abolished the Courts of Starchamber and High Commission and all the other jurisdictions that had arisen or been revived during the years of absolute government. Charles was forced to agree to calling a Parliament once in three years, and even gave his consent to an outrageous and unconstitutional bill declaring that the present assembly should not be dissolved without its own consent.

Presently, however, the inevitable reaction set in, and the tide began to turn in the King's favour. The conduct of the extremists had the effect of calling into being a moderate party led by men like Falkland and Hyde, who thought that the King had now made enough concessions to ensure a reasonably stable government for the future. Up to now all

thinking men had been in opposition to rather than in sympathy with the King. The earlier activities of such men as Hyde, Falkland, and even Strafford himself had been uncompromisingly hostile to the royal policy. Their former attitude was not in the least inconsistent with the views they now adopted ; for it cannot be denied that the old Court-party, consisting of such men as Weston and Windebank, had been both inefficient and corrupt. It was only when the opposition went too far that these men combined in forming a Cavalier party with those natural Royalists, whose interest in politics was aroused only by the actual conflict between their sovereign and his Parliament. The Cavalier party can almost be said to have been called into being by the Puritans, whose aggressive virulence against the King had the effect of awakening loyalty that otherwise would have continued to slumber.

Many of the Cavaliers came out in defence of their King through a simple impulse of pure loyalty, because he was their King, and not because they believed he had justice on his side in the present quarrel. Few of them could have approved of Charles's or even of Strafford's theories of absolute government, to which they were opposed both on principle and by tradition. But they had a very real respect and affection for the throne as an institution, and when they realized that it was in jeopardy they did not hesitate. They might have

protested against the misuse of the royal power, but they were not prepared to dispense with it altogether, and, if it came to a choice between the complete sovereignty of the Crown and the complete sovereignty of Parliament, they would know how to choose. If they could not bring about one of those compromises so dear to the English temperament, they would infinitely prefer a despotism to popular government. |

It seemed as if such a choice was about to be forced on them now, for there was little or no likelihood that the King and the Parliamentary party would ever be able to compose their differences. His Majesty had reached the limit of his concessions when his opponents were only at the beginning of their campaign. Even some of those who could not in conscience and honour support the King shrank from the avowed policy of Pym and his satellites. The great and honourable Earl of Bedford, who had always steadfastly opposed Charles's absolute rule, foresaw the danger into which the leaders of the Commons were rushing, and on his deathbed exclaimed that 'he feared the Rage and Madness of this Parliament would bring more prejudice and mischief to the kingdom than it had ever sustained by the long intermission of Parliaments.'¹

The King's confidence was partially restored to him by the knowledge that he could now rely on

¹ Clarendon, *History of the Rebellion*.

some measure of support in the House of Commons itself. But Pym and his friends still continued to devise a chain of insults culminating in the Grand Remonstrance, which was virtually a vote of want of confidence in the King. In it all the faults that His Majesty was supposed to have committed since his accession were carefully and comprehensively enumerated, while anything that might have redounded to his credit was scrupulously omitted in order not to destroy the harmony of the whole.

Charles made a last desperate attempt to assert himself by endeavouring to procure the arrest of five of the members who were most obnoxious to him, but he failed utterly, and, realizing at last that he was completely powerless to stem the torrent of his enemies' malice, he determined to withdraw himself from the proximity of Parliament. On January the 10th, 1642, he left Whitehall and proceeded to York, where he started to rally his friends round him.

The King's adherents were steadily increasing in number, especially since Parliament had begun to intervene in ecclesiastical affairs. If the differences had remained purely political, Civil War might have been averted, because the King would probably never have been able to secure sufficient support to face his enemies in the field. But the gratuitous attempts of the Roundheads to reform and improve the prayer-book began to arouse the opposition of

the gentry all over England and to induce them to side with the King in a matter to which up to now they had been indifferent. They did not so much resent the imprisonment of Archbishop Laud or the attack of the Commons on the Bishops, for they were universally unpopular and there was a widespread fear of ecclesiastical interference in secular affairs ; but the great body of Anglican Churchmen were devoted to the liturgy, and strongly deprecated any attempt to get rid of the prayer-book. Many, in fact, were prepared to retain the Bishops, if that were the only way of preserving the prayer-book. Just as they preferred despotism to democracy, so they would brook episcopacy more readily than Puritanism.

A prominent Kentish gentleman, Sir Edward Deering, of Surrenden Deering, who, in May, 1641, had unsuccessfully endeavoured to bring into Parliament a bill for the abolition of Church-government by archbishops and bishops, was now foremost in drawing up a petition from the county of Kent, wherein one of the most important articles was a demand for 'the restoration of the liturgy and the maintenance of the episcopal bench in all its integrity.' Deering was assisted in drawing up the petition by Sir Roger Twysden, a well-known scholar, Sir George Strode, and a Mr Richard Spencer, all Kentish gentlemen. The petition was first introduced into Parliament on March the 28th,

when it was deemed of sufficient importance for a conference of both Houses to be held to discuss it. On the 7th of April it was ordered by both Houses that the document should be burnt as seditious by the Common Hangman and that proceedings should be taken against those who had promoted it. Sir Edward Deering, who was summoned to answer for his temerity in presenting it, showed more than his usual discretion in making himself scarce for the moment and neglecting to obey the summons, but Mr Justice Mallet and the Earl of Bristol were committed to the Tower solely for having copies of it in their possession.¹

In Kent itself the opinions held by Deering and his friends did not meet with universal approbation. At the holding of the quarter sessions at Maidstone shortly after this the whole subject was acrimoniously discussed. The accounts of the proceedings are conflicting, but it appears that while some of the justices present endorsed Deering's actions, others not only openly expressed their disapproval, but produced a new petition disclaiming the former one, and announced that they proposed to send it up to Parliament.

During these proceedings Richard Lovelace, accompanied by a party of young gallants, had entered the hall. For a while they listened in silence until a seasonable opportunity occurred, when they

¹ *Calendar of Clarendon State Papers*, I. 382.

suddenly and unexpectedly intervened in the debate. To emphasize the fact that they now proposed to assume control of the proceedings, they all disrespectfully 'clapped on their hatts', in spite of the presence of the magistrates, and Lovelace informed the astonished assembly that he and his companions had heard that there was 'a new petition intended to be preferred to the Parliament of which they had a copy and found many falsities therein.' After which he held up the copy of the offending document for everyone to see, and then deliberately and ostentatiously proceeded to tear it to pieces and strew it on the floor, declaring that they were ashamed of it. The eyewitness who afterwards gave an account of this incident to the House of Commons asserted that Lovelace and his friends 'committed also divers other insolences' before they withdrew, but unfortunately he did not detail them.¹

Undeterred either by the reception of their petition or by the disapprobation of it expressed at Maidstone, Deering and his friends determined to make another attempt to get it before Parliament. It was doubtless as a consequence of his effectively dramatic intervention at Maidstone that Lovelace was chosen to go up to Westminster and present the petition. His companion was to be a certain Sir William Boteler, who had recently returned from York, where in his capacity of Gentleman Pensioner

¹ *Harl MS*, 163 (Sir Symonds D'Ewes' *Journal*).

he had been in attendance on the King during the celebration of St George's feast.¹

The House of Commons soon became aware that another attempt was to be made to force the petition on them. Information to this effect was given to them on the 28th of April² by one Mr Best of Gray's Inn, who, having himself signed the petition when amongst those who were friendly to it, had upon more sober reflection come to the conclusion that his valuable skin might be imperilled by his rash act. And so to secure himself against any untoward consequences he decided to give a warning to Parliament. Being a sensible man, he thought it wiser not to disguise the fact that he himself had been a signatory, but pleaded in extenuation that 'if he had dissuaded none from it, he had persuaded none to it.' In his opinion, at least seven or eight thousand men would appear in support of the petition at the great demonstration that was to be held on Blackheath to show that the movement really possessed a serious backing.

Alarmed at the receipt of this news, the House of Commons immediately sent Oliver Cromwell to the Lords to inform them of the projected gathering on Blackheath. After further consideration they also sent Pym and Hollis to suggest that 'Directions from both Houses may be given to those that have

¹ *Mercurius Rusticus*, 1646. p. 7.

² *Commons' Journals*, II. 545.

charge of the Militia of London, that none be permitted to come in Numbers into the City of London Tomorrow, with arms or weapons.'¹ The House of Lords concurred, and orders were given to Skippon and the Committee for the Militia of London 'requiring them to have an Eye, and a Care, to prevent all Inconveniencies that may ensue, by the tumultuous and disorderly gathering together of any multitudes, to the Disturbance of the Public Peace.'

These preparations did not hinder the petitioners from holding their meeting. Immense enthusiasm was manifested, and not even the certain knowledge that their reception was going to be exceedingly uncordial could deter Lovelace and Boteler from carrying out their intention of proceeding to Westminster on the morrow. Accordingly, escorted by some of the bolder spirits among the five hundred gentlemen of Kent who are said to have signed the petition,² Lovelace and his companion made their appearance while the House of Commons was sitting, and craved for admittance to lay their petition before the House. It had already been decided that they should be admitted, since it was considered that the opportunity of teaching these unruly spirits a lesson should not be neglected.

¹ *House of Lords' Journals*.

² *Cal. Stat. Pap. Dom.*, 1641-3, p. 316, Secretary Nicholas to Sir Thomas Roe.

Lovelace and Boteler were commanded to withdraw while the petition was being read and considered. In the course of the debate, which took place concerning the answer that should be returned, one Captain Leigh, member for Rochester and a Justice of the Peace for Kent, apparently one of the magistrates who had been so unexpectedly affronted by Lovelace at Maidstone, described to the House the scene that had taken place on that occasion, and gave a highly-coloured account of Lovelace's bold conduct. This was scarcely likely to prejudice the House in his favour when a little later he was called in and questioned by the Speaker. His answers, though careful, were absolutely frank and straightforward; his position being that he had nothing to be ashamed of and therefore nothing to conceal. Asked from whose hand he received the petition and who gave him warrant to present it, he replied that Mr George Chute gave him the petition the next day after the assizes, and that the gentlemen assembled at Blackheath had commanded him to deliver it. He was then asked whether he was aware that a petition couched in similar terms had previously been burned by order of the House, and that certain gentlemen had been questioned concerning it. To this he answered that he had heard a fortnight ago that the like petition had been burnt by the hand of the Common Hangman, and added with admirable vagueness

that he understood a general rumour that some gentlemen were questioned. That he had torn up the disclaiming petition at Maidstone he freely admitted ; but his account differed materially from that given by Captain Leigh, for he asserted that the petition he destroyed had been disavowed by all the justices there. It is more likely that, as Leigh stated, there had been a sharp difference of opinion on the subject among the magistrates present.

Sir William Boteler's answers to the Speaker were less satisfactory than those given by Lovelace, for, in his efforts to be guarded in his speech, he was several times led into contradicting himself. He stated that, having come to his house in London from York only about a week ago, he had heard of some petition or other that was never delivered, but he had never heard of any censure of Parliament on the subject. If he had adhered to this account, all might have been well for him ; but he afterwards made a series of damaging admissions that destroyed any chance of his escaping punishment on the score of ignorance of the previous history of the petitioning movement. First he said that he had heard that the petition that went under the name of the Kentish Petition had been burnt by the Common Hangman, but declared that he had never heard of any order of either or both of the Houses concerning it. The next moment he admitted

that he knew that Sir Roger Twysden had been questioned by the House on the subject of the former petition. Since he did not conceal the fact that he had been at the meeting on Blackheath on the previous day, it was impossible to believe that he had acted in good faith and unaware of the fate of the former petition.

The House voted that Captain Lovelace should be committed to the Gatehouse and Sir William Boteler to the Fleet, and the Serjeant was ordered to apprehend them immediately and carry them to their respective prisons.

Having thus made an example of two of the ringleaders, the House was disposed to treat the others with more leniency, and, summoning before them the rest of the gentlemen who had accompanied Lovelace and Boteler, commanded the Speaker to remonstrate with them. He proceeded to deliver to them a paternal lecture in the manner of one reprimanding a crowd of erring schoolboys. "The House," he told them, "has considered of the Petition you presented. And they know you cannot be ignorant what opinion both Houses have formerly expressed of the same Petition. Yet, considering that you are young gentlemen, misled by the sollicitation of some not affected to the peace of the kingdom, however they intend to proceed against the chief agents and prime actors in this business, yet they are willing that you should be dismissed, hoping

that you may hereafter prove good members of the Commonwealth.”¹

The cold water of this kindly contempt was probably the best remedy the House could have adopted for quenching the ardour of the young men of Kent. To be treated with such indifference must have been extremely galling to their enthusiastic spirits. No doubt they would infinitely have preferred to be numbered among the scape-goats. Nothing could be more ignominious than this airy disregard of their importance. As a matter of fact the House did not regard the danger as lightly as their studied moderation was undoubtedly designed to make the outside world believe. Troops of cavalry were dispatched down to Maidstone in case any further trouble should arise.²

Once Lovelace and his colleague were safely locked up, the Commons did not seem disposed to proceed to very extreme measures against them. A great deal was said during the ensuing days about preparing a charge against them with all expedition, but the matter does not seem to have been prosecuted with any real seriousness.³ At the same time it was made quite clear that the delinquents were not going to be allowed to escape scot-free, because,

¹ The account of these proceedings in the House of Commons on April the 30th, 1642 is based on *Commons' Journals*, II, pp. 549 *et seq*, the *Journal* of Sir Symonds D'Ewes in *Harl MS 163*, and the *Journals of the House of Lords*.

² Dugdale, *Short View of the Late Troubles in England*.

³ *Commons' Journals*, II. 556.

when Sir William Boteler, misled probably by the fact that no further proceedings had been taken against him, ventured on May the 12th to send in a petition to be released on bail, it was summarily negatived, and, indeed, only had the effect of once more drawing attention to his case. It was ordered that the charges against both prisoners should be brought in on the following Monday.¹ But for some reason this was not done, and though several other dates were subsequently fixed for hearing the charges, pressure of other business intervened, and the matter was never brought up.

Lovelace was occupying his enforced leisure in writing poetry. His most famous lyric, *To Althea, From Prison*, is said to have been composed during his confinement in the Gatehouse.¹ The paradoxical sentiment that a prison is no prison when the prisoner's conscience is clear is characteristic of the Cavalier's Epicurean philosophy, which could find a certain pleasure in any experience or emotion, however painful, provided that it was not lacking in nobility. It is absurd to suggest that Lovelace was the first to discover that stone walls do not always make a prison, nor iron bars a cage, and that any other poem which contains the same idea must necessarily have been inspired by him.

¹ *Commons' Journals*, II. 568.

² Wood. *Athenae Oxonienses*. One of the contemporary manuscript versions of the poem in the British Museum (*Harleian MS 6918*) is headed: 'Captaine Loveles made this poem in his duresse at the Gatehouse.'

Pellisson, confined in the Bastille in 1661, may well have discovered for himself this truth, which he expresses almost as charmingly as Lovelace.

Doubles grilles a gros cloux,
Triples portes, forts verroux,
Aux âmes vraiment méchantes
Vous représentez l'enfer ;
Mais aux âmes innocentes
Vous nê'tes que du bois, des pierres, du fer.

Lovelace's most famous poem has gained the world's admiration, not because of any striking originality in its sentiments, but because of the memorable way in which those sentiments are expressed. Upon others of his poems which contain very similar thoughts oblivion has descended. The poem called *A Guiltless Lady imprisoned: after penanced*, contains a passage very similar in spirit to the better-known lines in *To Althea. From Prison*.

See ! that which chaynes you, you chain here ;
The prison is thy prisoner ;
How much thy jaylor's keeper art !
He bindes your hands, but you his heart.

But the rest of the poem is not so good as this, which explains why it is not so generally known as the other, which owes its fame to the perfect gracefulness of the whole. Lovelace's philosophical

attitude towards prison is also revealed in a trifling, but merry drinking-song, *The Vintage to the Dungeon*,¹ written during this imprisonment.

But even a mind 'innocent and quiet' can at length find its hermitage monotonous, and after a time Lovelace began to tire of his confinement. He had not joined with Sir William Boteler in petitioning for release in May, but on July the 17th he also sent in a petition. In doing so he was to a certain extent influenced by the grave account of recent events in Ireland, which, as a result of the withdrawal of Strafford's iron hand, had burst into open insurrection. As a soldier he felt that his place was there.

The document he drew up for presentation to the House of Commons was in its way a masterpiece, filled with tactful and insinuating flattery and yet in no way expressing any penitence for the offence on account of which he had incurred their displeasure

“ To the Honourable the House of Commons
The humble petition of Richard Lovelace
Esqre Sheweth

That your petitioner beeinge verie sensible of the displeasure of this Great Assemblie, the sadd effect whereof he hath allreadie felt almost these sev'n-weekes by his imprisonment within the Gate-house, expectinge patientlie yr farther

¹ Printed on page 52.

purpose ; in all humilitie doth offer to your wise considerations that your petitioner beeinge confined here in the Spring-tide of Action, when open Rebellion treads on the late peacefull bosome of his Majesties Kingdome of Ireland, is to his father Greefe disabled from discharginge parte of that duetie, which he owes unto his Kinge and Countrie by his service there ; to which he long since had a resolution not onlie to devote himselfe, but to imploy such summes of monie as latelie he sett out and destin'd to the same intent.

Hee therefore humblie prayes that in your wonted Clemencie you would be pleas'd to make a favourable, milde construction of his actions, from whence he may receive your gentle thoughts, and by your gracious Order be admitted to his former Libertie, or if your well-knowne Wisdomes shall conceive this Course more fitt ; to be allow'd but a conditionall freedome, and for the certaintie of his attendance on your future pleasures he will humblie offer the ingagement of some able friends as a sufficient bayle, and hee shall ever pray that a most happie ende may close up all your labours and Indevours

Rich. Lovelace.

Boteler's second petition was sent in at the same time, and the House, deeming that their offence had been sufficiently punished by seven weeks of

imprisonment and finding their petitions 'full of submission', now consented to release them both on good security, which was fixed at twenty thousand pounds each, ten thousand pounds the principal, and five thousand pounds apiece the sureties.¹ Boteler was bailed forthwith, but in the case of Lovelace there was a slight hitch, since the House refused to accept one of his sureties, Sir Denner Strut, a recently-created baronet, on the ground that nobody knew him.² But by Tuesday, June the 21st, another surety was found, and Lovelace was bailed on the security of 'William Clarke, Esquire, of Rootham in Kent, and Tho Flood, Esquire, of Otton in Kent.'³

Although the charges against both offenders were quietly dropped, the House did not consider it at all advisable to leave Lovelace to his own devices, which in view of his previous history they, no doubt with justice, imagined would be of a nature hardly in consonance with their own political ideas. His application to be allowed to join the forces in Ireland was refused, and he was ordered to remain in London, being forbidden to stir out of the lines of communication without a pass from the Speaker.

Parliament could on the whole congratulate itself on having handled this business of the Kentish

¹ *Commons' Journals*, II. 629. Wood by a curious mistake states that Lovelace's bail alone was fixed at £40,000.

² D'Ewes' *Journal*.

³ Wrotham and Otham.

petition with the greatest skill. For the moment the county remained quiet and Royalist voices were temporarily stilled. Certain Kentish gentlemen of the opposite persuasion took advantage of the set-back administered to the King's supporters to send a whole series of counter-petitions to Parliament disclaiming the former ones, which they asserted had been 'contrived by a few malevolent and ambitious Spirits only . . . and subscribed by divers loose and dissolute Persons.'¹ They professed themselves convinced that the timely measures taken by Parliament in sending down troops of cavalry to quieten the Maidstone district, around which, in their quaint phrase, (the dangerous Imposthume had gathered the most of its corruption) would have the effect of 'preventing all further or future ulcerations.'

There was a great deal of truth in what they said. Since the county was, as it were, shut off from the rest of England by London, it was comparatively easy to keep it in subjection. But throughout the troubles there was a certain amount of strong Royalist feeling in Kent, and, though it could be stifled, it was never possible to extinguish it entirely. Kent was to prove that she could still be a very sharp thorn in the side of the King's enemies. Moreover, in this connection the last had not yet been heard of Captain Richard Lovelace.

¹ *Commons' Journals*, II. 558 and 744.

TO ALTHEA

FROM PRISON

Song

Set by Dr John Wilson.

When Love with unconfined wings
Hovers within my Gates ;
And my divine *Althea* brings
To whisper at the Grates :
When I lye tangled in her haire,
And fetter'd to her eye ;
The Birds that wanton in the Aire,
Know no such Liberty.

When flowing Cups run swiftly round
With no allaying *Thames*,
Our carelesse heads with Roses bound,
Our hearts with *Loyall* Flames ;
When thirsty grieve in Wine we steepe,
When Healths and draughts go free,
Fishes that tipple in the Deepe,
Know no such Libertie.

When, like committed Linnets, I
With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetnes, Mercy, Majesty,
And glories of my KING ;
When I shall voyce aloud, how Good
He is, how Great should be ;
Inlarged Winds that curl the Flood,
Know no such Liberty.

The Cavalier Spirit

Stone Walls doe not a Prison make,
 Nor Iron bars a Cage ;
 Mindes innocent and quiet take
 That for an Hermitage ;
 If I have freedome in my Love,
 And in my soule am free ;
 Angels alone that sore above,
 Injoy such Liberty.

THE VINTAGE TO THE DUNGEON

A Song

Set by Mr William Lawes

Sing out, pent soules, sing cheerfully !
 Care Shackles you in Liberty :
 Mirth frees you in Captivity :
 Would you double fetters adde ?
 Else why so sadde ?

Chorus

Besides your pinion'd armes you'll finde
 Griefe too can manakell the minde.

Live then Pris'ners uncontrol'd ;
 Drinke oth' strong, the Rich, the Old,
 Till Wine too hath your Wits in hold
 Then if still your jollitie
 And throats are free ;

Chorus

Tryumph in your Bonds and Paines,
 And daunce to th' Musick of your Chaines.

CHAPTER III

Constitution of the parties in the Civil War—The Cavalier philosophy—Forces of 'Progress' on the side of the Roundheads—The Civil War begins—Cromwell on the Cavalier spirit—Apathy of the greater part of the population—Lovelace condemned to inaction—His attempts to serve the King by indirect methods—His generosity and others of his characteristics—His friends—James Howell—The fellowship at the 'Fleece'—Cockain, Cotton, and Lenton—Stanley, Tatham, and Kawlins—Glapthorne—His letter of dedication to Lovelace—Poets and Musicians—The brothers Lawes—Francis and William Lovelace in Wales—The operations at Carmarthen—Death of William Lovelace—Poem written on that occasion—Lovelace joins the King—The misfortunes of Mr Thomas Willys—Lack of information about Cavalier officers—Utter defeat of the Royalists—Charles surrenders himself to the Scots—The era of negotiations sets in—Lovelace goes abroad—The lyrics to Lucasta—The identity of Lucasta—Hazlitt's opinion in the matter—Arguments in favour of Lucy Sacheverell—Lovelace in Holland—Lucasta's marriage—Portrait of Lovelace.

The King's retirement to York betokened that Civil War was inevitable, though the reluctance of either party to take the responsibility of resorting to the arbitrament of arms delayed the actual outbreak for a little while longer. But neither side was willing to make concessions, and there remained no chance of reconciling their fundamental differences in both political and religious matters. The

dispute was primarily one between opposing ideals. The contest never became entirely a war of classes. It was, of course, only natural that the greater part of the peers should be on the King's side, but even among the House of Lords he was to find opponents. Some thirty out of the hundred and ten peers definitely supported the Parliament. But the rest of the leading men on both sides were drawn from the same class in society. The same sort of families that produced the Hydes, the Falklands, the Langdales, and the Verneys, produced also the Fairfaxes, the Hampdens, the Vanes, and the Cromwells. Differences political and religious rather than social divided them. The Royalists for the most part belonged to the High Church party, and they were ritualists in politics as well as in religion. The very symbols of royalty possessed a deep significance for them: the wearer of the Crown was their natural head, and to fight against him would have seemed to them like sacrilege, while, if others attacked him, it was their duty and their privilege to defend him. Those of them who, in spite of themselves, felt the King to be in the wrong doubtless agreed with the sentiments expressed by the faithful Sir Edward Verney: "I have eaten the King's bread and served him near thirty years, and will not do so base a thing as to forsake him; and choose rather to lose my life—which I am sure I shall do—to preserve and defend those things

which are against my conscience to preserve and defend ; for I will deal freely with you I have no reverence for Bishops, for whom this quarrel subsists.”¹

The political principles of the Roundheads were also in tune with their religious convictions. Theirs was, according to its lights, a generous philosophy. With complete and altruistic sincerity they were ready to sacrifice everything for the freedom of others. They possessed a real interest in the welfare of their fellow-men—or at least of such of them as agreed with themselves in political and religious matters. Their avowed object was to obtain freedom and material comfort both for body and soul. The Cavaliers, on the other hand, had no desire to gain or to recover mundane privileges for themselves or for anyone else. There was something fatalistic in the way in which they were prepared to accept the mess that Man had made of God's world and to love it all the same for its faults as well as for its virtues. Unlike the Puritans they did not delude themselves into thinking that the feeble efforts of Man could ever restore it to what they imagined God had meant it to be. The Cavalier philosophy was essentially a philosophy for the few. It sprang from the emotions rather than from the reason, but by a curious paradox it aimed at intellectual rather than material happiness. Lovelace was merely voicing the belief

¹ Clarendon, *History of the Rebellion*.

of his party when he declared that the freedom of the body was not necessarily essential to the freedom of the soul—a doctrine which was eminently disagreeable to Puritan thought.

A party imbued with such theories was bound to be considered reactionary, and it is not surprising that all the forces of 'Progress' should have been on the Roundhead side in the Civil War. With the exception of the landed gentry, whose interests and traditions naturally inclined them towards the Royalists, the districts in the South and East, which were more advanced than the rest of England in commercial and manufacturing respects, supported the Parliament. Most of the larger and more important towns in whatever part of the country they were situated were Roundhead in sympathy; there was comparatively little Royalist feeling in any of them save perhaps in those where the clerical influence was powerful, as in cathedral-cities.

The Northern and Western districts which remained loyal to the King did so partly because they were then agricultural rather than commercial, and partly because they were the stronghold of High Church principles and Roman Catholicism. The Papists were on the King's side to a man. Were he to be successful in the struggle, some measure of toleration might be granted to them, but from the Puritans they could expect only the most rigid suppression of their religion. Roman

Catholicism had its chief strength in Lancashire, at that time the rudest and least thickly populated part of the country. The King could rely implicitly on Lancastrian support, since the influence of one of his noblest and most loyal subjects, the Earl of Derby, was paramount in the district.

On August the 22nd, 1642, King Charles I raised his standard at Nottingham, and the great Civil War began. Although Edgehill, the first important battle, was indecisive, the advantage on the whole rested with the King, and, had he marched straight through to London instead of withdrawing before the inconsiderable opposition offered to him by the London train-bands under Skippon at Turnham Green, he might have scored a complete and final victory over his enemies. By his retreat he threw away such an opportunity as was not to occur again.

For a time the war went on with undecided results, and it was only with the rise to power of Cromwell that events began to take a decisive turn against the King. Cromwell was the first of his party to realize the value of the spirit that animated the Cavaliers. To Hampden he once said: "Your troops are most of them old decayed serving-men, and tapsters, and such kind of fellows, and their troops are gentlemen's sons, younger sons, and persons of quality: do you think that the spirits of such base and mean fellows will ever be able to encounter gentlemen, that have honour and courage

and resolution in them? You must get men of a spirit, and take it not ill what I say—I know you will not—of a spirit that is likely to go on as far as gentlemen will go; or else you will be beaten still.”

The understanding of this important fact was one of the secrets of Cromwell's success. Knowing that he could scarcely hope to find a like spirit ready-made among his own party, he himself set about creating it artificially. Enthusiasm and sincerity directed into the right channels by strict discipline were no bad materials from which to work up a spirit that would be as strong and as lasting as that which was the inspiration of the Cavaliers.

England was slow to realize that she was being shaken to her very depths by the Civil War. The country was then, as it always has been, definitely anti-militarist, and only a very small minority of the population was engaged in the actual fighting. Amongst the far greater part there was no anxiety to fight; it might almost be said that, except when their personal interests were engaged, men were completely indifferent to the very result of the war. Clarendon roundly asserted that ‘the number of those who desired to sit still was greater then of those who desired to engage in either party.’¹ The war was being waged on political issues, and most Englishmen were not yet sufficiently advanced politically to be very deeply concerned.

¹ Clarendon, *History of the Rebellion*.

It was useless for the Roundhead leaders to inform the middle and lower classes that they had been grievously oppressed during the years of arbitrary government, for the great bulk of them had not been conscious of oppression. It might have been otherwise, if they had suffered in their pockets, but on the whole the country had prospered economically during the last few years, and so long as trade was good, there seemed to most men little reason why the existing order should be changed.

By the irony of fate Lovelace, by nature and instinct a soldier, and, unlike many of his fellow-countrymen, exceedingly unwilling to 'sit still', was one of those constrained by force of circumstances to play an inactive part. It was a bitter disappointment to him that he was unable to join His Majesty in the field ; but he was a marked man under the watchful eye of Parliament, and he did not dare to leave London. Moreover, had he attempted to escape, he would not only have forfeited his own bail, but also have lost for his friends the large sums of money they had offered as security for his obedience. He was, therefore, reduced to working as hard as he could for the King's cause by indirect methods. Two of his brothers, Francis and William, were already engaged in the Royalist forces, and the youngest, Dudley Posthumus, was preparing to go to Holland to study tactics and fortification in order to fit himself

for the King's service. Richard supplied them all with money.¹ He also took every opportunity of 'keeping up the reputation of the King's cause' by providing horses and arms for any who showed a desire to join the Royalist forces. He seems to have been extremely generous with his money. It is said that, apart from his lavish disbursements on behalf of the King, no appeal was ever made to him in vain by 'ingenious men in want, whether scholars, musicians, soldiers, etc.'¹ Considering that he himself possessed the most extravagant and luxurious tastes, which he never attempted to curb, it is probably true that at this time he was living far beyond his income. At any rate in 1643 he disposed of some of his landed property in Kent in order to meet his expenses.²

Most of the poets and wits of the time were Lovelace's close friends. He himself was universally popular, and was 'accounted by all those that well knew him, to have been a person well vers'd in the Greek and Latin poets, in music, whether practical and theoretical, instrumental or vocal, and in other things befitting a gentleman.' Moreover it was reported that 'his common discourse was not only significant and witty, but incomparably graceful, which drew respect from all men and women.'³

¹ Wood, *Athenae Oxonienses*.

² B. M. *Add Charter* 47354.

³ Wood, *Athenae Oxonienses*.

Among the circle of his friends Lovelace numbered James Howell, a cultured linguist and great traveller, who had something in addition to literary tastes in common with Lovelace, since he too had incurred the displeasure of the Parliamentary leaders for his Royalist sympathies, and they had been driven to express their disapproval in much the same way in both cases. The discursive *Familiar Letters* by which he is now chiefly known were written in the Fleet prison in the intervals between the composition of Royalist pamphlets, of which he poured forth a constant stream throughout the Civil War.

Lovelace was intimate with that band of poets and wits who were wont to forgather and carouse at the Fleece tavern off Covent Garden. The leading spirit of this Bacchanalian fellowship was the improvident and debauched Sir Aston Cockain, who, however, in his soberer moments was a person of some culture and great charm of manner. It also included a man of a very different type, Cockain's kinsman Charles Cotton, the distinguished father of a still more distinguished son, and a friend of Edward Hyde, afterwards the great Earl of Clarendon, who drew a most sympathetic portrait of him in his *Life*. Thither also came that brilliant trifler with the Muses, Francis Lenton, an idle barrister, who, according to himself, wrote poetry with the sole purpose of salving his conscience by

preventing him from feeling as lazy as he knew himself to be in reality.¹

One of Lovelace's own kinsmen, Thomas Stanley, was a poet of great merit. Though his work was appreciated in its own day, it was afterwards forgotten, and is but now slowly receiving its due again with the revived interest in lyric poetry of the seventeenth century. John Tatham, the author of *Ostella*, was another friend and admirer of Lovelace. Any poetic promise he may have shown in his youth was effectually drowned later on by his addiction to the no doubt lucrative, but scarcely inspiring practice of writing odes to Lord Mayors and Aldermen. Another notable figure among Lovelace's companions at this time was Thomas Rawlins, who, besides being chief graver of the mint to Charles I, was also a dramatist and poet of respectable gifts, though, according to Winstanley, he was better as an artist than as a poet—a verdict with which posterity must readily agree.

Henry Glapthorne, the last and rather bedraggled swallow of the Elizabethan drama, has now been relegated to obscurity—and deservedly so, for his work overabounds with flowery rhetoric and is singularly lacking in dramatic vigour. In his own time, however, he obtained a meed of popular favour, and was spoken of with approbation by

¹ He was chiefly known for his *Young Gallant's Whirligig*, 1629 and *Great Britain's Beauties*, 1638.

Winstanley who says that he was 'deservingly commendable not so much for the quantity as the quality of his Plays.' Lovelace may or may not have admired his work, but he must certainly have appreciated his Royalist principles, especially as he too had to undergo imprisonment for them. Glapthorne's last work, *Whitehall*, published in 1643, was dedicated to Lovelace, and the letter of dedication is curiously interesting for the many military metaphors it contains. This, with various other passages in commendatory poems addressed to Lovelace, give one to suspect that he considered himself first and foremost a soldier and liked to be thought of and referred to as such.

To my noble Friend and Gossip, Captaine Richard
Lovelace.

Sir,

I have so long beene in your debt, that I was almost desperate in myselfe of making you paiment, till this fancy by ravishing from you a new Curtesie in its patronage, promised me it would satisfie part of my former engagements to you. Wonder not to see it invade you on the sudden: Gratitude is aeriall; and like that Element, nimble in its motion and performance; though I would not have this of mine of a French disposition, to charge hotly and retreat unfortunately: there may appeare something in

this, that may maintaine the field courageously against Envy, may come off with honour ; if you, Sir, please to rest satisfied, that it marches under your Ensignes, which are the desires of

Your true honourer -

Hen. Glapthorne.

If this was one of the most brilliant ages of lyric poetry, it was also one of the most admirable epochs of song composition. It was inevitable that, when so much of the lyric poetry was expressly designed to be set to music, the poets and composers should be very closely connected. The favourite pastime of singing to stringed instruments had a paramount influence on both poetry and music. The excellence of the lyric poetry and of the ballad compositions was interdependent, and the composers of the time have attained to much the same position in the realm of music as those poets whose poems they set so charmingly have attained to in the world of letters. Scarcely ever have lyrics been more musical : scarcely ever have musical settings so closely harmonized with the spirit and sense of the verse. The fact that it was Henry Lawes who suggested to Milton the composition of *Comus* and himself provided the musical setting is significant of the relations between the poets and the musicians.

The brothers Henry and William Lawes both set a number of Lovelace's lyrics to music. The

more famous brother Henry, who had lost his lucrative posts at Court on the outbreak of hostilities, was now lying low in London and endeavouring to earn a precarious living by giving singing-lessons to ladies. William, imbued with a more martial spirit, joined the King's forces, and was slain at the siege of Chester in 1645. The fact that he had set several of Lovelace's lyrics to music shows that some of the poems must have been in circulation among his friends long before they were published. Other well-known composers who set Lovelace's work were Dr John Wilson, John Gamble, John Lanieri, Thomas Charles, and Curtes, the lutenist. Lovelace in turn wrote commendatory verses before volumes of airs published by Henry Lawes and John Gamble.¹

While Lovelace thus perforce remained in London dividing his time between literary labours and Royalist intrigues, his brothers, Francis and William, were fighting for the King in Wales. When Carmarthen was taken by the Royalist forces under Gerard in June, 1644, Francis, who had already risen to the rank of Colonel, was appointed Governor of the town.² But though he had a strong garrison under him, his position there was far from being secure. He could not rely on the support of the townsfolk, who became alarmed when the whole of

¹ Gamble's *Ayres*, 1656 and Lawes' *Ayres and Dialogues*, 1653.

² L. B. Phillips, *Civil War in Wales*. I. 232.

Pembrokeshire was overrun by the Parliamentary forces under General Langhorne, and requested that they should be put under the protection of Parliament. In the circumstances it was deemed inadvisable to attempt to hold the town, and it was apparently by His Majesty's orders that Colonel Lovelace evacuated Carmarthen on October the 10th, 1645, and proceeded with his cavalry to strengthen the garrison of Newcastle Emlyn, where his reinforcements were very welcome, since the place had soon after to sustain a protracted siege.

The Parliamentarian general, Langhorne, was inclined to be doubtful whether the possession of the town was of any real value to his party. He too saw little reason to trust the inhabitants, whom he justly suspected of treating with both sides. He expressed this opinion in a letter to the Speaker : ' Their first letter to me and the Committee they sent to receive the King's approbation before they conveyed it to us ; and all they did passed, though privately, by allowance of Major-General Stradling and Lovelace, the Governor of Carmarthen, which breeds my doubt they have yet rotten cores ; and I shall try before I overmuch trust them.'¹

The scepticism of both sides in regard to the reliance that could be placed in the good intentions of the townsfolk appears to have been fully justified. Carmarthen would give no more than a temporary

¹ *Ibid*, 337.

and conditional allegiance to the party which for the time being chanced to have the upper hand in those parts. A sudden improvement in the King's fortunes shortly after restored the town to the Royalists, and Francis Lovelace found himself Governor once more. But it was only for a brief period, for no sooner had the Royalists regained the town than the citizens once more began to make overtures to their enemies. Despairing of ever obtaining a firm hold over a place which was constant only in its inconstancy, Francis Lovelace finally surrendered it in July, 1646.¹

During some skirmish at Carmarthen or in the neighbouring country William Lovelace, who had been serving under his brother, lost his life. Francis, who loved him dearly, was so overwhelmed with grief at his death that Richard felt moved to administer the gentlest of rebukes in a sympathetic little poem, *To his deare brother Colonel F. L. immoderately mourning my brothers untimely death at Carmarthen.*²

About this time Lovelace at last found himself able to join the King in the field. It is uncertain how he obtained this long looked for opportunity. It may be that he finally made up his mind to forfeit his bail and succeeded in eluding the vigilance of Parliament, or it may be, and this is more likely, that he realized that in any case none of the money

¹ *Cal. Stat. Pap. Dom.*, 1646.

² Printed on page 78.

would be restored to him or his friends. At all events there is no doubt that he was taking an active part in the war at the beginning of the year 1646. His contemporaries speak of him as a dashing and successful soldier, but unfortunately their estimate must be taken on trust, as nothing whatever is known of his military exploits during this time, unless perchance he was that Captain Lovelace who took prisoner one Thomas Willys, a clerk of the Crown in Chancery, and carried him off to Oxford. Even this trifling detail is known only because Mr Willys was so grieved to find on his release that his place had been filled during his absence that he thought fit to recount the lugubrious tale of his misfortunes in a petition for reinstatement.¹ The lack of information is not really astonishing. Except for random allusions such as this, it is almost impossible to trace definitely the careers of any of the less prominent Royalist officers during the Civil War. Details concerning Roundhead officers are slightly easier of access, since pay was due to them from Government or County Committees, and a certain amount of papers relating to such payments have survived. Royalists, on the other hand, had obvious reasons for suppressing rather than preserving records of their acting for the King. It is also highly probable that many of them received no payment for their services. All

¹ *Hist. MSS Comm. Report 6*. App. p. 107. (House of Lords' MSS).

those who could afford to give their services gave them readily, especially as they were aware that their sovereign was hard pressed for money. The wealth from constant and reliable sources all went to the Roundheads, who were in consequence enabled to finance their operations out of income, while the King was almost entirely dependent on free gifts, a fountain that with the best will in the world was bound sooner or later to run dry. Failing that, he was constrained to resort to plunder, also a somewhat precarious source, in that it postulates a certain measure of continued success in warfare.

By now the tide of battle had turned entirely against the Cavaliers. The serious defeat of Marston Moor was followed by the still more crushing blow of Naseby. Even the King, always loth to face facts, was now forced to acknowledge that all hope of reinstating himself by force of arms was extinguished. Negotiation seemed to be the only course still left open to him. The misguided monarch, who had retired to his loyal city of Oxford, was not unduly cast down at the prospect of having to treat with his enemies. In his own opinion the most subtle of men, he rated his diplomatic gifts exceedingly high. His immediate plan was to place himself in the hands of the Scots, hoping to win them over by judicious concessions and so enlist their support in his negotiations with the English Parliament. In pursuance of this project he left

Oxford secretly at midnight on April the 7th, 1646, accompanied only by Dr Hudson and John Ashburnham, and, after wandering about the country in disguise for several weeks, on May the 5th entered the Scottish camp at Newark.

Now that all fighting in England had ceased and the era of negotiations had set in, professional soldiers who had not yet had their fill of fighting sought diversion in foreign service. Nothing perhaps reveals more clearly the attitude of Englishmen towards the Civil War than this exodus of the soldiery. War was regarded merely as one out of several possible methods of settling the dispute, and, as it had not proved successful, recourse must obviously be had to other means. The soldier had played his part, and he must now retire and leave the stage clear for other actors. The Cavaliers who went abroad were not deserting their King in his hour of need. For the time being he no longer required their services. Should diplomatic methods fail and the war be resumed, they would be ready to draw their swords once more on their sovereign's behalf. Even as late as this it would not have occurred to the generality of men in either party that the King's person could be in any way endangered among his own subjects.

Lovelace was one of those who now crossed the water in search of adventure in the foreign wars. His brief spell in the field with the King's army

had but served to whet his martial appetite, and his ardour was only tempered by his regret at having to leave the lady of his heart. In the poem he addressed to her, *To Lucasta, Going beyond the Seas*,¹ he made a charming attempt to assuage the pain of parting for himself as well as for her. This is one of his best poems, though it does not quite attain the perfection of *To Lucasta, Going to the Warres*,² one of the most exquisite lyrics in the language, which he had composed when he first took up arms for His Majesty in the Civil War. Posterity has justly decided that these are the best among the many poems inspired by Lucasta, though the lady herself doubtless preferred the delicate beauty of such a poem as *The Rose*,³ a love-poem pure and simple that spoke not of separation nor of any conflict between Love and Duty.

The controversy over the identity of Lucasta has never ceased. Anthony Wood stated definitely that she was a certain Lucy Sacheverell, and for some time his statement was unquestioned. But in more recent times there arose authorities who were inclined to doubt if there ever was an original Lucasta. She was, according to them, a figment of the poet's brain. Her name, they say, is just a typical seventeenth century pseudonym, being a corruption of *Lux Casta*, 'Chaste Light'. While

¹ Printed on page 80.

² Printed on page 79.

³ Printed on page 81.

this is perfectly true, it does not in itself seem to offer an adequate reason for disbelieving in the existence of an original. Lovelace was a man of flesh and blood and not at all the sort of person to waste his leisure in writing imaginary love-poems to imaginary ladies. Cupid, that 'winged wagge', as he himself called him, was wont to incline his heart too often to the fair beauties of this world to have made it necessary for him to search the realms of fancy for objects worthy of his expressed adoration. A lyric is very like a kite in that, though it soars to Heaven, it is retained to earth by a string. A love-lyric that is to be convincing, even if it emanates from the brain, must pass through the heart. Lovelace was notoriously a favourite with women, and there is in his own work plenty of evidence to show that he was not indifferent to feminine charms. If this were not enough, there is the testimony of his contemporaries, for example the poem addressed to him by his friend, John Tatham, just about this time, *Upon my noble friend Richard Lovelace Esq., his being in Holland*.¹ The poem is lengthy and not particularly good, so that a single stanza will suffice to illustrate the point.

Wert thou sated with the spoil
 Of so many virgin hearts,
 And therefore didst change thy soil,
 To seek fresh in other parts?

¹ Printed in Tatham's *Ostella*, 1650.



"LUCASTA"

From the engraving in Lovelace's *Posthume Poems*, designed by Sir Peter Lely and engraved by William Faithorne.

Dangers wait on foreign game ;
We have deer more sound and tame.
Then, lov'd Adonis, come away,
For Venus brooks not thy delay.

It is scarcely likely that in those days of gallantry the fair ones who were honoured with the attentions of so distinguished a poet would have excused him from declaring his passion in verse. What has become of these poems, if they are not those contained in *Lucasta* ?

Lovelace himself repeatedly alludes to *Lucasta* as if she were a real person. In one of his odes he associates her name with those of Habington's Castara and Waller's Sacharissa, whose identity is known.¹ Then, in a poem addressed to a friend whom he calls Amyntor, he gives as his reason for not joining him beyond seas that *Lucasta* will not suffer him to leave her.² It is incredible also that the somewhat revolting verses, *Lucasta, taking the waters at Tunbridge*, should have been addressed to a fictitious personage, though in this instance one would prefer to think that they were.

Hazlitt differed from those who denied *Lucasta's* reality: in his opinion she certainly had an original, though the identification with Lucy Sacheverell did not meet with his approval. He based his doubts on two arguments, of which it is difficult to decide

¹ The ode beginning : ' You are deceiv'd ' ; printed on page 135

² *Amyntor from beyond the sea to Alexis. A dialogue.*

which is the more futile. 'Lucasta,' he wrote, 'whoever she was, seems to have belonged to Kent, and the Sacheverells were not a Kentish family.' His sole reason for suspecting her to have been of Kentish birth was that she took the waters at Tunbridge ! He was, however, willing to concede that this ground was somewhat slight, and admitted that against this supposition should be set the circumstance that elsewhere the lady was called a 'Northern Star.'¹ The wonder is that this did not incline him to the thought that she may have come from the North Pole. His second argument was that 'the corruption of Lucy Sacheverell into Lucasta is not very obvious, and rather violent.' In reply to this it might be argued that the corruption of Dorothy Sidney into Sacharissa is still less obvious and even more violent, and yet there is ample evidence that Waller perpetrated it.

Those who are incredulous of Lucasta's existence have not ventured to suggest how such a person as Lucy Sacheverell came to be mentioned in this connection at all, unless they desire it to be taken for granted that the name was Wood's ingenious invention. But this was not so : such a person actually did exist at the period in question. It is true that up to now the evidence in favour of her existence has rested only on a peculiarly accurate conjecture made by the antiquarian Joseph Hunter

¹ *Ibid*, l. 37.

in his unpublished *Chorus Vatum*.¹ which contains a mass of valuable and often original information relating to minor English poets. He suggested that Ferdinando Sacheverell, illegitimate son of Henry Sacheverell of Morley by his mistress Elizabeth Keyes, might have had a daughter named Lucy after her mother, Lucy, daughter of Sir Henry Hastings of Newark. As a matter of fact he did. Hunter obtained the information that enabled him to make this guess from the genealogy of the Sacheverell family given in the *Visitation of Warwick*, 1619.² But his surmise rested a surmise, for he did not have the good fortune to come across a later pedigree which gives the progeny of this marriage as a son, Ferdinando, and a daughter, Lucy.³

It remains to prove that this Lucy was of a suitable age to be the beloved of Lovelace. Ferdinando Sacheverell, her father, was aged twenty in 1619, so that it may safely be assumed that even in those days of early marriages his daughter can scarcely have been born long before 1618, the year of Lovelace's birth. This is making a generous allowance, since it is, of course, far more probable that she was born several years later. On the other hand she cannot have been born after 1628, as her father died on the 10th of January, 1629, and she was the

¹ *Add MSS*, 24487 to 24492.

² *Harl MS*, 1167 f. 160.

³ *Add MS*, 6696 f. 75.

elder of the two children.¹ It being established then that in Lovelace's time there lived a lady of the name of Lucy Sacheverell, apparently about the same age as himself or a few years younger, there seems little reason for gratuitously impugning the statement made by Wood, unless on far more convincing grounds than have hitherto been brought forward.

At all events, having announced to Mistress Lucy Sacheverell—or to an imaginary personage—that he was going beyond the seas, Lovelace betook himself to Holland, where he entered the service of the French King, who was then at war with Spain in the Netherlands. It is said that he raised a regiment and commanded it himself.² Be that as it may, when he returned to England he was known no longer as Captain, but as Colonel Lovelace. He was severely wounded at Dunkirk, when the town was captured by the great Condé in October, 1646. According to Wood, it was reported in England that Lovelace had succumbed to his wounds, and as a consequence Lucy Sacheverell soon after consoled herself for his loss by giving her hand to another.³ She appears to have been married twice, first to a certain Mr Dannet, probably a member of the Leicestershire family of that name, and secondly

¹ *Add MS*, 6696 f. 75.

² Wood, *Athenae Oxonienses*.

³ Hazlitt makes the peculiar and apparently unwarranted suggestion that, having lost Lucasta, Lovelace consoled himself by marrying Althea. There is not a scrap of evidence to show that Lovelace was ever married to anyone.

to her first cousin, George Sacheverell of Newhall in Warwick and Caldlow in Derby.¹

The advantage of Wood's story is that it does at least provide a plausible and much-needed explanation of the otherwise incomprehensible first stanza of Lovelace's poem *To Lucasta. From Prison. An Epode*, written during his imprisonment in Peterhouse after his return from abroad.

Long in thy Shackels, liberty
I ask not from these walls, but thee
Left for awhile, anothers bride,
To fancy all the world beside.

It would seem to mean that, since she had forfeited his devotion by marrying another during his absence, she should release him from the faith he had vowed to her and allow him to seek another object for his love.

Lovelace was now in the flower of his age, and it must have been somewhere about this time that the pleasing portrait of him in Dulwich College Picture Gallery was painted.² It might pass for

¹ *Add MS*, 6696 f. 75.

² This portrait was engraved by Clamp and published by E. & S. Harding, 1794. Another engraving 'Drawn by W. Green. Engraved by C. Pye' is dated 1824. The Dulwich picture and the Hollar engraving in *Lucasta* appear to be the only authentic portraits of the poet. There is, however, a print by Gaywood of Orpheus playing on the lyre and surrounded by the beasts of the forests. This is supposed to represent Lovelace and seems to be generally accepted as being authentic, though there seems to be no authority for the belief save a statement in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of 1792 (Vol. 62, p. 166).

a presentation of the ideal Cavalier, both soldier and poet. He is dressed in armour with a rose-coloured scarf draped over his right shoulder. His features are fine and aristocratic : he has the lofty brow of a poet and thinker, and a sensitive and expressive mouth. It is a gallant and a noble gentleman that is here portrayed, though perhaps in the high arch of his eyebrows there is discernible just a trace of careless disdain which would seem to justify Aubrey's description of him as 'an extraordinary handsome man, but proud.'

TO HIS DEARE BROTHER
COLONEL F. L.

*Immoderately mourning my Brothers untimely
Death at Carmarthen.*

If Teares could wash the Ill away,
A Pearle for each wet bead I'd pay ;
But as dew'd Corne the fuller growes,
So water'd eyes but swell our Woes.

One drop another cald, which still,
Griefe adding Fuell, doth distill ;
Too fruitfull of her selfe is Anguish,
We need no cherishing to Languish.

Coward *Fate* degen'rate Man
Like little Children uses, when
He whips us first untill we weepe,
Then 'cause we still a weeping keepe.

Then from thy firme selfe never swerve ;
Teares fat the Griefe that they should sterve ;
I'ron decrees of Destinie
Are ner'e wipe't out with a wet Eye.

But this way you may gaine the field,
Oppose but sorrow and 'twill yield ;
One gallant thorough-made Resolve
Doth Starry Influence dissolve.

SONG

Set by Mr John Lanier

TO LUCASTA,
GOING TO THE WARRES

Tell me not, Sweet, I am unkinde,
That from the Nunnerie
Of thy chaste breast, and quiet minde,
To Warre and Armes I flie.

True ; a new Mistresse now I chase,
The first Foe in the Field ;
And with a stronger Faith imbrace
A Sword, a Horse, a Shield.

Yet this Inconstancy is such,
As you too shall adore ;
I could not love thee, Deare, so much,
Lov'd I not Honour more.

SONG

*Set by Mr Henry Lawes*TO LUCASTA,
GOING BEYOND THE SEAS

If to be absent were to be
 Away from thee ;
 Or that when I am gone,
 You or I were alone ;
 Then my *Lucasta* might I crave
 Pity from blustering winde or swallowing wave.

But I'll not sigh one blast or gale
 To swell my saile,
 Or pay a teare to swage
 The foaming blew-Gods rage ;
 For whether he will let me passe
 Or no, I'm still as happy as I was.

Though Seas and Land be 'twixt us both,
 Our Faith and Troth,
 Like separated soules,
 All time and space controules ;
 Above the highest sphere wee meet
 Unscene, unknowne, and greet as Angels greet.

So then we doe anticipate
 Our after-fate,
 And are alive i' th' skies
 If thus our lips and eyes
 Can speake like spirits unconfin'd
 In Heav'n, their earthy bodies left behind.

ODE

Set by Dr John Wilson

TO LUCASTA
THE ROSE

Sweet serene skye-like Flower,
Haste to adorn her Bower ;
 From thy long cloudy bed,
 Shoot forth thy damaske head.

New-startled blush of *Flora* !
The grieve of pale *Aurora*,
 Who will contest no more ;
Haste, haste, to strowe her floore.

Vermilion Ball, that's given
From lip to lip in Heaven ;
 Loves Couches cover-led,
Haste, haste, to make her bed.

Dear Offspring of pleas'd *Venus*,
And Jollie plumpe *Silenus* ;
 Haste, haste, to decke the Haire,
Of th' only, sweetly faire.

See ! Rosie is her Bower,
Her floore is all this Flower ;
 Her Bed a Rosie nest
By a Bed of Roses prest.

But early as she dresses,
Why fly you her bright Tresses ?
Ah ! I have found I feare ;
Because her Cheekes are neere.

CHAPTER IV

Charles I among the Scots—They surrender him to Parliament—Parliament and Army—The King carried off from Holmby House—He is lodged at Hampton Court—Lely's picture of the King and the Duke of York—Lovelace's poem upon it—His friendship with Lely—Charles I's obstinacy—Growing sympathy for him—Scottish invasion of England—Royalist risings in Wales, Essex, and Kent—The men of Kent frame a petition—Parliament alarmed—Spread of the petitioning movement—Fairfax holds a military demonstration at Hounslow—Mathew Carter—The choice of a Commander-in-Chief—Norwich chosen—Lack of cohesion among the Royalists—Norwich overriden by his advisers—Activity at Maidstone—Lovelace with the petitioning forces there—Fairfax attacks and captures the town—Lovelace among the prisoners—He is committed to Peterhouse—Satirical poems written in prison—His petition for release—Pride's Purge—Trial and execution of the King—His noble atonement.

Installed in the Scottish camp, the King incontinently plunged into a morass of negotiations with all parties, hoping to regain by successful diplomacy some of the ground he had lost by unsuccessful warfare. But however convinced he may have been of the transcendent justice of his cause, he did not scruple to show a lamentable lack of sincerity in his manner of sustaining it. At this juncture, when candour and good faith might have saved him, he occupied all his energies in secret

endeavours to embroil with one another the various divisions among the Roundheads. But although his intrigues did much to set the Presbyterians and Independents by the ears, their dissensions hardly redounded to his advantage, for in one point, if in one point only, both parties were agreed, and that was in refusing to place any trust in Charles Stuart. The subtlety upon which His Majesty prided himself was branded by them with the less agreeable name of treachery.

At the same time, by his refusal to take the Covenant, the King had lost all chance of obtaining help from the Scots. Failing his adherence to this cardinal point in their political creed, they would give him no support, and, as soon as they became convinced that his refusal was definite and unalterable, they began to find his presence in their midst something of an embarrassment. The game had gone in such a way that the King was now worthless to them, and should therefore be discarded with all speed. Once they had made up their minds that they could make no further capital out of their possession of his royal person, it was not long before they agreed to hand him over to the Parliament, on the condition that half their expenses were paid to them on the spot, and the other half guaranteed within a reasonable time. The accusation of treachery that has been levelled against them was not fully deserved, for they had made no sort of

engagement with the King, and the money they received was in any case due to them and was not actually the price of the King's surrender. The worst that can be said of them is that the bargain they drove was sordid and ignominious.

Charles was lodged by the Parliamentary Commissioners at Holmby House in Northamptonshire, where, though he was still treated with an outward show of respect, he was kept virtually a prisoner. The gravity of the situation did not fail to impress him, and at long last he seemed to recognize that concessions were inevitable, and showed signs of being disposed to accept the comparatively easy terms offered to him by Parliament. But he yielded too late; the favourable terms were merely a token that Parliament was no longer completely master of the situation. That position was gradually passing to the Army, which, under the able guidance of Cromwell, had rapidly grown in power and was determined to depose the politicians from the direction of affairs. Parliament had recognized the danger, and, after an unsuccessful endeavour to avert it by an abortive attempt to disband the Army, had then fallen back on the expedient of a reconciliation with the King. To this the Army was strenuously opposed, and avoided it in the simplest and most straightforward way by kidnapping the King under the very nose of Parliament. A body of horse, under Cornet Joyce,

suddenly appeared at Holmby House and carried Charles off to Newmarket, whence he was eventually removed to honourable confinement at Hampton Court.

It was during the King's enforced residence in his own palace as the unwilling guest of the Army that Peter Lely painted that admirable picture of him and his second son, the Duke of York, which is still at Sion House.¹ The King is shown holding a letter directed 'Au Roi Monseigneur', while the Duke of York, then a boy of fourteen, presents him with a penknife to cut the strings.

In Horace Walpole's opinion the picture was not in the least characteristic of Lely; the style, he considered, was most unlike his later manner, while being stronger and more powerful than was usual in his earlier work. He himself would, indeed, more readily have ascribed it to Fuller or Dobson, had there not been overwhelming evidence that Lely painted it in the receipt he gave for the money, £30, paid for it by the Earl of Northumberland. Later researches have thrown infinitely more light on Lely's varied genius, and the picture is now regarded as an excellent and typical example of his first English manner, which was influenced to no small degree by Vandyck.²

¹ During the King's confinement at Hampton Court three of his children, the Dukes of York and Gloucester, and the Princess Elizabeth were staying at Sion House under the care of the Earl of Northumberland.

² Mr C. H. Collins Baker, the greatest living authority on Lely, points out in an article in *The Connoisseur* of September,

But even if the receipt for the picture had not been in existence, conclusive evidence of its authorship would have been afforded by the poem written upon it at the time by Lovelace: *To my Worthy Friend Mr Peter Lilly: On that excellent Picture of his Majesty and the Duke of Yorke, drawne by him at Hampton-Court.*¹ The poem is at once a tribute to Lely's genius and a touching expression of the devoted loyalty with which the Cavalier regarded his King. In Lovelace's opinion the painter had succeeded to a marvel in portraying the King as he appeared at this sad period in his affairs. Adversity had produced in Charles a truly majestic dignity, a pride of bearing that he had lacked before. Walpole remarked the difference between this and the earlier portraits of the King. 'The King,' he says, 'has none of the melancholy grace which Vandyck alone, of all his painters, always gave him. It has a sterner countenance, and expressive of the tempests he had experienced.'² Considering the circumstances in which the picture was painted it could require no finer tribute than this.

1919, that even eminent picture-experts of to-day were inclined to attribute this picture to Vandyck or Dobson, and required to have positive proofs adduced before they would acknowledge it to be the work of Lely. Mr Collins Baker himself would never have had any hesitation in ascribing it to Lely.

¹ Printed on page 101.

² Walpole, *Anecdotes of Painting in England*.



KING CHARLES I. AND THE DUKE OF YORK

From the picture by Sir Pater Lely in the collection of the Duke of Northumberland at Syon House.

Lovelace appears to have been well acquainted with Lely, to whom also he addressed the poem, *Peinture. A Panegyrick to the best Picture of Friendship, Mr Pet. Lilly*. This was probably written several years earlier than the other, perhaps shortly after Lely's arrival in England, certainly before he had made his name ; for in it the poet laments the lack of appreciation of the painter's genius displayed by the English people, characterizing them as 'modern Picts' and exclaiming in forcible terms against their 'transalpine barbarous neglect.' He bids his friend treat this ignorance with the contempt that it deserves.

Now, my best Lilly, let's walk hand in hand,
And smile at this un-understanding land ;
Let them their own dull counterfeits adore,
Their rainbow-cloaths admire, and no more,
Within one shade of thine more substance is,
Then all their varnish'd idol-mistresses.

In view of the friendship which subsisted between the two men it seems highly probable that Lely painted a portrait of Lovelace, but, if he did, it has been lost sight of ; the plates he designed for Lovelace's two books are all that remains to show that the poet's friendship for him was reciprocated.

The terms offered to Charles by the Army leaders in the 'heads of proposals' were as favourable as

he could expect in the circumstances, but unfortunately he had by now overcome his reasonable impulse to acquiesce in the first settlement that was proposed to him, and had recovered all his old obstinacy and self-confidence. In his purblindness he imagined that he would still be able to outwit and outmanoeuvre his opponents, provided only that he could first escape from their clutches. With the aid of certain trusty adherents he succeeded in effecting his escape from Hampton Court, and proceeded to the Isle of Wight with the idea of establishing himself there in an independent position and holding out for better terms. But all his plans were upset by his grievous mistake in reckoning on the loyalty of Colonel Hammond, the Governor of the island. That gentleman promptly communicated with the Parliament, and was ordered by them to detain the King in Carisbrooke Castle.

Although a prisoner, Charles I abandoned none of his pretensions. He was far from recognizing that the period was past when he could afford to haggle about terms and that the only possible course left open to him was unconditional surrender. To the very end his besetting vice of refusing to face things pursued him. He still regarded himself as indispensable to any sort of settlement, whereas he was now contemptuously disregarded by the leaders of all parties, who had come to the conclusion that there was a better prospect of composing their own

differences than of coming to terms with the King.

If His Majesty could have brought himself to sink his pride and agree to any form of compromise that would have secured even a temporary cessation of the activities of the more bellicose element among his adversaries, he would have strengthened his own position considerably. Amongst the mass of the people sympathy for him was gathering daily. By 1648 many of those who had taken part in the war, whether for King or Parliament, had retired altogether from the conflict. The greater proportion even of those who had fought against the King had done so, not with any intention of deposing him, but rather with the object of defeating what they conceived to be his plans to establish absolute government and of compelling him to respect the country's most ancient institutions and to act henceforth in accordance with the advice tendered to him by his loyal subjects in Parliament assembled. But now Englishmen of common sense and discrimination perceived that the struggle had assumed a complexion very different from what they had originally sanctioned. The quarrel was no longer between King and Parliament, but between Parliament and Army. The country as a whole viewed the present revolutionary tendencies with alarm and apprehension ; the bulk of the population was by no means imbued with republican principles, and though many had been moved to make forcible

protest against the abuse of royal power by a misguided monarch, they were at bottom definitely monarchical and had no desire to dispense with kingship altogether.

In addition to this vague feeling of political resentment sympathy for Charles I himself was on the increase. His misfortunes had begun to arouse considerable feeling against those who had brought them upon him, and in the indignation against his persecutors the bitterness formerly felt for the King was fast disappearing. Charles's gentleness and dignity in his afflictions had inclined men to think less harshly of him, and that strange spirit of romance that has always clung to the Stuart family was insensibly beginning to play upon men's emotions. Whatever defects the Stuarts may have shown as monarchs, they none of them failed to capture the popular imagination—save perhaps good Queen Anne, possibly the best sovereign of them all, and certainly the dullest. Charles I was a romantic figure ; although he lacked the extraordinary personal fascination of his son, Charles II, his handsome and stately presence and his gracious manner won for him the devotion of many who beheld him from the respectful distance that separates subjects from their sovereign.

The reaction in the King's favour, though it may have been largely sentimental in origin, was not confined to sentiment, but was soon expressed in

action. When, in April, 1648, a Scottish Army, under the Duke of Hamilton, invaded England on the King's behalf, the revived Royalist feeling found outward expression all over the country, notably in Wales, which had always been Royalist, but where the insurrection was now led by the former Parliamentary general Langhorne and others who had once fought against the King. The risings in Kent, Surrey, and Essex were even more significant, for these districts had always been regarded as being predominantly Roundhead in sympathy.

On all sides there were insistent demands for the reinstatement of the King. The men of Kent adopted their favourite expedient of presenting a petition to Parliament, but did not disguise their intention to back it up by force of arms. Seriously perturbed by these manifestations, Parliament sought the advice of Fairfax. He was inclined to take a less grave view of the situation, and in his reply counselled moderation, and proposed that a commission should be sent down into Kent to enquire into grievances.

But the matter was more serious than he thought. Encouraged by the defection of twenty ships of the fleet, which hitherto had been solid for the Parliament, the petitioners daily grew in numbers and began to exhibit increased military activity. They gained possession of the castles at Deal and Walmer, and took steps to occupy various other places of

strategic importance. The Kentish enthusiasm was infectious ; the movement began to spread, and messages were received from sympathizers in Essex and Surrey intimating that they also were prepared to rise, if simultaneous action could be arranged. Parliament grew alarmed at the rapid headway made by the movement, and was soon brought to realize that military force would have to be used to suppress it. The House of Commons sent a message into Kent saying ' that, whereas, they did understand that the people of Kent were coming up to Westminster in a tumultuous and pretended petitionary way, they knew not the intention of it and had therefore referred them to treat with the Lord General, the Lord Fairfax, and the Committee.' For the moment Fairfax, who still vainly clung to the hope of settling the matter without bloodshed, contented himself with holding a military demonstration on Hounslow Heath.

Impervious to this very broad hint, the petitioners did not slacken their military preparations. A certain Mathew Carter, who afterwards wrote a lively if somewhat incoherent account of these events,¹ was appointed their Quarter-Master-General, and with great zeal attempted to pull things together and produce a measure of order in the somewhat straggling army. The next important step was to

¹ The account of these events given here is chiefly founded on his book and a modern amplification of it, *King, Parliament and Army* by W. Howard-Flanders.

select a Commander-in-Chief. The obvious choice was Lord Holland, who already held the King's commission in these parts, and he was the first to be approached. But being of the opinion that the movement was premature, he refused the command, somewhat illogically suggesting that the Earl of Norwich should be asked to undertake the responsibility. Norwich in turn considered that the proper person to command the Kentish forces was the Duke of Richmond, but was ultimately prevailed upon to accept the command temporarily in the hope that later on the Duke could be induced to assume it. Uncertainties of this kind were the ruin of the Royalist party. They balked themselves at every turn by their own delays and hesitations. Moreover, there was now no sort of cohesion amongst them. They had no regular head-quarters, where organized and comprehensive plans of campaign could be devised, and whence definite and authoritative orders could be issued forth. Instead of simultaneous action throughout the land there was merely a series of spasmodic local risings, which the Roundheads were able to suppress with comparative ease. Vivid as Royalist feelings were all over the country they could not be harnessed, and so wasted away through lack of proper control. Throughout the troubles the Roundhead minority triumphed simply because it recognized the supreme value of unity and centralization.

The main design of the Kentish petitioners was to assemble at Blackheath and there unite with a contingent from Essex, which was to cross the river by means of a bridge of boats. In the mean time there was considerable difficulty in finding quarters for the troops. It was Norwich's desire that the army should be kept together, but in this matter he was overruled by a self-constituted advisory council of Kentish gentlemen, who did not sufficiently appreciate the fact that a commander should be permitted to command. On the ground that the men were thoroughly fatigued and must have fresh quarters 'in order to revive and refresh their exhausted spirits' they insisted that the troops should be quartered about the country at large, disregarding the obvious drawback that it would be completely impossible to rally them together in an emergency. It is curious that Norwich should have allowed himself to be overridden in this point of vital importance ; but, according to Mathew Carter, his position was as yet somewhat equivocal ; since 'although proclaimed General of that Army, yet of so short a Date was that Title, as that he was not yet clearly impower'd with the Charge of them, and the Conduct of their Interest ; as (like a General) to act his own Will immediately in it ; there being as yet too many Generals, or at least ambitious Spirits interested, who having formerly a Power in the raising of them, had not yet quite

laid down the same, and who supposed, nothing must or ought to be done without their Opinions.’¹

Maidstone, as during the events of 1642, was one of the chief centres of the Royalist movement in Kent. Here were quartered some fifteen hundred troops, the greater part of the two regiments commanded by Sir John Manny and Sir William Brockman. Subsequent events prove that Richard Lovelace was with them, but it is not known in what capacity he served, though there is no doubt that he was profoundly involved.

No one knew where or when Fairfax would attack, but it was considered possible that Maidstone might be his first objective, and certain rough attempts were made to fortify the town. Earthworks were hastily thrown up, and artillery was mounted at the bridge-end and on Gabriel’s Hill, a point of vantage which commanded the four entrances into the town. These preparations were far from being completed when, on the evening of June the 1st, news was received that Fairfax was approaching by rapid marches. So swift had been his advance that the Cavaliers were unaware of his proximity till one of their outposts of musketeers came into contact with a body of dragoons he had sent out to watch the entrances into the town and guard against

¹ *A true Relation of that honourable, tho’ unfortunate Expedition of Kent, Essex, and Colchester, in 1648. By Mathew Cartier, Quarter-Master General in the King’s Forces : And other Persons of Repute.*

the possibility of a sudden evacuation. As it transpired, the petitioners themselves forced Fairfax's hand. His men were wearied by their long march, and he had intended to defer the attack until the morrow. But his dragoons were so far worsted in their encounter with the musketeers that he was obliged to send additional troops to their relief, and, as this in turn had the effect of drawing out more of the petitioners' forces, the battle soon became general. For five hours fighting continued at the entrance to the town ; but in the end superiority of numbers began to tell, and the Royalists were forced back, though with desperate courage they still contested every yard, drowning the godly exclamations of the Puritans with cries of ' Kent and the King '. Up and down the streets of Maidstone they fought till two hundred of their number had fallen. Those that remained drew closer together, determined to fight on so long as there was any strength left in them. ' They were forc'd to continue their Retreat,' says Carter, ' till at last they came to the Church-yard, and from thence to the Church, quitting not any place dishonourably or unhand-somely.' Here at last they were completely surrounded and finally forced to capitulate.

As soon as Norwich heard that Maidstone had been attacked, he hastily proceeded to its relief with such forces as he could gather together from their scattered quarters. But before he had covered two

miles he received the news of the surrender. In view of the overwhelming superiority of Fairfax's army he resolved not to offer him battle, and retired to Rochester.

Nine hundred Royalists together with a considerable amount of war-material fell into Fairfax's hands at Maidstone. Among the prisoners was Richard Lovelace. How he comported himself in the fight is not known ; there is unfortunately no sort of record of his services on this occasion save the evidence afforded by the date and circumstances of his imprisonment. But, in view of the lenient treatment meted out to others concerned in the rising, the comparative severity of his punishment would seem to indicate that the part he had played was one of some prominence.

On June the 8th, about a week after the fall of Maidstone, the House of Commons instructed a Committee, under Colonel Moore, sitting at Derby House to dispose of the Kentish prisoners.¹ On the following day Lovelace was by their order committed to the prison of Peterhouse.² Wood and other authorities assert that his brother Dudley was with him on this occasion and shared his imprisonment, but there does not seem to be any record of his commitment. Another brother, Francis Lovelace, the former Governor of Carmarthen, was

¹ *Commons' Journals*.

² *Cal. Stat. Pap. Dom.*, 1648. p. 115.

Master of the Ordnance in the Kentish forces and went through the ill-starred expedition to the bitter end, when the entire Royalist army surrendered at Colchester on August the 28th, 1648.

In the meantime Cromwell had suppressed the rising in Wales, and had driven the Scots back over the border after inflicting a series of crushing defeats upon them. The last sparks of the Cavalier flame seemed to be extinguished. The imprisoned Lovelace did not attempt to disguise from himself his growing conviction that the King's cause was now irretrievably lost. In a bitterly satirical *Mock-Song*¹ he proclaimed that the Dragon had vanquished St. George. The disillusionment and despair of the Cavalier party are also movingly expressed in a poem, *To Lucasta. From Prison. An Epode.*², written during his imprisonment in the Peterhouse. The country had fallen on evil days, and Lovelace felt bound to confess that he for one saw no gleam of hope for the future. One consolation only remained to him—his deathless loyalty to the King.

Lovelace was occupying himself in revising and arranging his poems for publication, but even this interesting diversion did not suffice to dispel the weariness of his imprisonment, and after a few months he petitioned for release. There are minutes referring to him in the account of the proceedings of the Committee of both Houses sitting at Derby

¹ Printed on page 102.

² Printed on page 103.

House. On October the 3rd Colonel Moore was desired to produce Lovelace on the following Tuesday in order that his petition might be heard.¹ There is a similar entry on October the 17th.² Either his petition was heard and rejected, or else the hearing of it was postponed indefinitely owing to pressure of other business, for at all events Lovelace was not given his liberty. It may well be that he was forgotten ; important doings were afoot, and Parliament soon became completely powerless, being entirely supplanted in the direction of affairs by the Army.

In December, 1648, Colonel Pride, by command of the Army leaders, expelled from the House of Commons those Presbyterian members who still hoped to effect a compromise with the King and were engaged in desultory negotiations with him. This did not suit the military party, which was already resolved on his death. The poor remnant of the Commons, derisively dubbed 'The Rump' by the populace, made no difficulty in complying with the desires of the Army, and appointed a so-called High Court of Justice to try their sovereign. Charles, of course, refused to acknowledge the jurisdiction of a court which was manifestly illegal, and was considered such by many who were far from being his friends. The small number of Independent peers entirely dissociated themselves with the measure,

¹ *Cal. Stat. Pap. Dom.*, 1648. p. 294. ² *Ibid.*, p. 307.

and several of the judges appointed refused to sit. But the more bloody-minded and fanatical carried the day, and condemned the King to death after a mere travesty of a trial. On January the 30th, 1649, His Majesty the King of England was beheaded outside the Banqueting House of his own palace of Whitehall. His noble bearing on the scaffold made a deep impression on all the beholders, and the fame of it ran throughout the country causing a thrill of pity and horror. The nobility of his death made men forget his faults, especially when they reflected that the use to which his enemies were turning their victory gave some justice to the King's claim that he stood as the champion of liberty against tyranny.

Royalism rose up like a phoenix from the blood of the murdered King. The ardour of the Cavaliers was incalculably increased by their horror and indignation. Charles I dead was a more living inspiration than Charles I alive. Ill fitted to be a king, he had wasted the devoted loyalty that had been ungrudgingly bestowed on him. But if the sun that the Cavaliers had worshipped could give them neither warmth nor light in its noontide, there was yet a certain glory in its setting. Death was the first fact that Charles I ever faced in his life, but he faced it unflinchingly, and by his atonement planted a seed that eventually blossomed into the fair rose of loyalty that greeted his son's restoration.

TO MY WORTHY FRIEND
MR. PETER LILLY :

*On that excellent Picture of his Majesty and the Duke
of Yorke, drawne by him at Hampton-Court.*

See ! what a *clouded majesty*, and eyes
Whose glory through their mist doth brighter rise !
See ! what an humble bravery doth shine,
And grieve triumphant breaking through each line,
How it commands the face ! so sweet a scorne
Never did *happy misery* adorne !
So sacred a contempt ! that others show
To this, oth' height of all the wheele, below,
That mightiest Monarchs by this shaded booke
May copy out their proudest, richest looke.

Whilst the true *Eaglet* this quick luster spies,
And by his *Sun's* enlightens his owne eyes ;
He cures his cares, his burthen fees, then streight
Joyes that so lightly he can beare such weight ;
Whilst either eithers passion doth borrow,
And both doe grieve the same victorious sorrow.

These, my best Lilly, with so bold a spirit
And soft a grace, as if thou didst inherit
For that time all their greatnesse, and didst draw
With those brave eyes your *Royal Sitters* saw.

Not as of old, when a rough hand did speake
 A strong Aspect, and a faire face, a weake ;
 When only a black beard cried Villaine, and
 By *Hieroglyphicks* we could understand ;
 When Chrystall typified in a white spot,
 And the bright Ruby was but one red blot ;
 Thou dost the things *Orientially* the same
 Not only paintst its colour, but its *Flame* :
 Thou sorrow canst designe without a teare,
 And with the Man his very *Hope* or *Fear* :
 So that th' amazed world shall henceforth finde
 None but my *Lilly* ever drew a *Minde*.

A MOCK-SONG

Now *Whitehall's* in the grave,
 And our *Head* is our slave,
 The bright pearl in his close shell of Oyster ;
 Now the *Miter* is lost,
 The proud *Praelates*, too, crost,
 And all *Rome's* confin'd to a Cloyster :
 He, that *Tarquin* was styl'd,
 Our white Land's exil'd,
 Yea, undefil'd ;
 Not a Court *Ape's* left to confute us ;
 Then let your Voyces rise high,
 As your Colours did flye,
 And flour'shing cry :
 Long live the brave *Oliver-Brutus*.

Now the *Sun* is unarm'd,
And the *Moon* by us charm'd,
All the *Stars* dissolv'd to a Jelly ;
Now the *Thighs* of the Crown
And the *Arms* are lopp'd down,
And the *Body* is all but a Belly,
Let the *Commons* go on,
The Town is our own,
We'l rule alone :
For the *Knights* have yielded their Spent-gorge ;
And an order is tane
With *HONY SOIT* profane,
Shout forth amain :
For our Dragon hath vanquish'd the St. *George*.

TO LUCASTA

FROM PRISON

An Epode

Long in thy Shackels, liberty
I ask not from these walls, but thee ;
Left for awhile, anothers bride,
To fancy all the world beside.

Yet e're I doe begin to love,
See ! How I all my objects prove ;
Then my free Soule to that confine,
'Twere possible I might call mine.

The Cavalier Spirit

First I would be in love with *Peace*,
 And her rich swelling breasts increase ;
 But how alas ! how may that be,
 Despising Earth, she will love me ?

Faine would I be in love with *War*,
 As my deare Just avenging star ;
 But War is lov'd so ev'ry where,
 Ev'n He disdaines a Lodging here.

Thee and thy wounds I would bemoane,
 Faire thorough-shot *Religion* ;
 But he lives only that kills thee,
 And who so bindes thy hands, is free.

I would love a *Parliament*
 As a maine Prop from Heav'n sent ;
 But ah ! Who's he, that would be wedded
 To th' fairest body that's beheaded ?

Next would I court my *Liberty*,
 And then my Birth-right, *Property* ;
 But can that be, when it is knowne,
 There's nothing you can call your owne ?

A *Reformation* I would have,
 As for our griefes a Sov'raigne salve ;
 That is, a cleansing of each wheele
 Of State, that yet some rust doth feele.

But not a reformation so,
 As to reforme were to ore'throw,
 Like Watches by unskilfull men
 Disjoynted, and set ill againe.

The *Publick Faith* I would adore,
But she is banke-rupt of her store :
Nor how to trust her can I see,
For she that couzens all, must me.

Since then none of these can be
Fit objects for my Love and me ;
What then remains, but th' only spring
Of all our loves and joyes, the *KING*.

He who, being the whole Ball
Of Day on Earth, lends it to all ;
When seeking to eclipse his right,
Blinded, we stand in our owne light

And now an universall mist
Of Error is spread or'e each breast
With such a fury edg'd, as is
Not found in th' inwards of th' Abyse

Oh from thy glorious Starry Waine
Dispense on me one sacred Beame,
To light me where I soone may see
How to serve you, and you trust me !

CHAPTER V

Release of Lovelace—Condition of affairs in England—*Lucasta* published—Estimate of Lovelace as a poet—Lady Anne Lovelace—The commendatory poems—Friendships between enemies—Andrew Marvell—His verses to Lovelace—The story of his treacherous behaviour to Lovelace probably untrue—John Hall—Much indifferent verse in *Lucasta*—Corruption of the text—Lovelace's obscurity—His poverty in his latter years—The Lovelace portraits at Dulwich—The picture of 'Althea'—Lovelace not deserted by his friends in his adversity—Receives help from Edmund Wyld and Charles Cotton—His death and burial—Elegies on his decease—Publication of his *Posthume Poems*—An ode to an ugly lady—The engravings in the *Posthume Poems*—Charles Cotton's elegy—Lovelace the ideal Cavalier.

Several months elapsed after the King's execution before Lovelace was at last released. It was not till April the 9th, 1649, that a warrant for his discharge was issued by the Council of State,¹ and he came out of prison to find a changed England. The Rump, wholly subservient to the soldiery, had abolished both the monarchy and the House of Lords, which they characterized as being 'useless and dangerous'. Henceforth England was to be a Commonwealth governed by a House of Commons

¹ *Cal. Stat. Pap. Dom.*, 1649-50, p. 529.

alone. The natural consequence of such a decision should have been the dissolution of the existing mutilated assembly and the election of a new Parliament, but between the devil of renascent Royalism and the deep sea of extreme Republicanism, as exemplified by the fanatical party known as the Levellers, the Rump did not dare to risk an appeal to the country. In the meantime executive powers were vested in a Council of State consisting of forty-one persons, under the presidency of the execrable Bradshaw, who had qualified for that distinguished position by presiding over the Court which condemned the King to death. But through the thin veneer of civil government the solid backing of the military might of Cromwell and his army could clearly be discerned. Even now the future Lord Protector was in fact, though not yet in name, the real ruler of England.

In this same year, 1649, Lovelace's *Lucasta* was published, and at once earned for its author great fame among his contemporaries. Nowadays few know the book: the original edition is extremely rare, and though it would be an unwarrantable exaggeration to say that the editions issued by Singer, in 1818, and Hazlitt, in 1864, are as rare as the original, yet they are not by any means easy to obtain.¹ Lovelace's reputation to-day rests

¹ Editions have been issued in this century in the Unit Library, 1902, and more recently (1921) in America, by the Caxton Club of Chicago.

almost entirely on such of his lyrics as are to be found in anthologies.

Lovelace, as a poet, has on the whole been justly treated by Fame. Comparatively little of his work was worthy of preservation, and almost all that is memorable for its poetic merit has duly survived. But whatever may be thought of the greater part of his work, it is not too much to say that none of his contemporaries could surpass, perhaps even equal, the beauty of such of his best lyrics as *To Althea* and *To Lucasta*. *Going to the Warres*.

One or two other pieces are scarcely less worthy of admiration, and are not so well known simply because they have been less frequently included in collections. As Lovelace himself once wrote :

Its use and rate values the Gem :
Pearles in their shells have no esteem.¹

Lucasta is a tightly closed oyster to so many that it may seem worth while to extract a few of the choicer pearls. The tender loveliness of *To Lucasta*. *The Rose*, the music and stately measure of *Gratiana Dauncing and Singing*,² and the gay paradox of *The Scrutinie*³ have much to commend them. In *A la Bourbon*⁴ the sentiment is charmingly wistful, and

¹ In a poem called *To Chloe, courting her for his friend*.

² Printed on page 133.

³ Printed on page 132.

⁴ Printed on page 134.

there is a fascinating quaintness in the sonnet on *Ellinda's Glove*.¹ That interesting poem *The Grassehopper*,² though lamentably full of harshness and obscurities, is perhaps the best of Lovelace's longer poems. Addressed to a man, his friend Charles Cotton, it shows the poet in somewhat unfamiliar vein, no longer the poet or the soldier, but the philosopher.

Lucasta was dedicated to the Lady Anne Lovelace, daughter of the Earl of Cleveland and wife of the poet's kinsman John, second Lord Lovelace. Richard Lovelace seems to have entertained a great affection for this lady, to whom he addressed several poems, notably one in which he rather tantalizingly thanks her for having been his 'asylum in a great extremity,' without revealing what that extremity was, save that, had it not been for her, it would have ended in his death. It is possible that she may have tended him through a severe illness; he certainly wrote in equally extravagant terms to a lady whom he calls Ellinda and who had hovered over him like a 'pleasant angel' during one of his maladies. In his poem to the Lady Anne he expresses in a most delightful way the wish that when old age at last came to her it might leave her beauty unscathed:

Slow Time, with woollen feet make thy soft pace,
And leave no tracks ith' snow of her pure face.

¹ Printed on page 134.

² Printed on page 137.

A number of commendatory poems were prefixed to the book, most of them signed, as Joseph Hunter points out, by 'very obscure poetical names.' The greater part of them are, in fact, well-meant but not very successful exercises in versification by military friends, whose swords, it is to be hoped, were mightier than their pens. One of the four gallant Colonels who thus aspired to break a lance with the Muses was a certain Norris Jephson,¹ whose acquaintance Lovelace may possibly have made in the Scottish expedition of ten years before when he too had served as an ensign, though in a different regiment from Lovelace.

On the other hand several of those who wrote commendatory verses before *Lucasta* were poets of some distinction, at any rate in their own day, such as Francis Lenton, Thomas Rawlins, and John Hall. The most distinguished name was that of Andrew Marvell. Considering that he was, at all events nominally, a Roundhead, it may seem surprising to find his name connected with that of so ardent a Cavalier as Richard Lovelace, but such a situation was by no means out of the ordinary in those days. It is somewhat difficult for those who are familiar with the conditions of modern warfare, when the affections of every individual are deeply and bitterly engaged on one side or the

¹ Peacock, *Army Lists of the Cavalier and Roundheads*. p 89. Norrice Jephson, Ensign in the regiment of Colonel Jerom Brett.'

other, to understand the spirit in which the Civil War was waged by all save the most savage and fanatical. The fact that friends were on opposing sides does not seem to have interfered in any way with their friendship. They appear to have been able to confine their enmity entirely to those matters in which they differed. In London now Lovelace was associating on friendly terms with men of every shade of political opinion. When men of letters met together to discourse in the taverns, politics and religion were momentarily forgotten. They were all citizens of the Republic of Letters, all worshippers at the shrine of Apollo and the Muses. Bacchus and Venus were the only other gods recognized by their tavern theology.

Marvell was a young man of about Lovelace's own age. Patriotic motives inclined him to the Roundhead point of view, though he had been strongly opposed to the Civil War. In his opinion the cause was too good to have been fought for. 'Men,' he said, 'ought to have trusted God; they ought and might have trusted the King.' His was one of those rare spirits that can always remain perfectly independent and unbiassed. He could never have cast in his lot exclusively with one party, because his clear-sighted vision enabled him to discern the right and the wrong on both sides. Marvell could never be accused of insincerity or time-serving; he was quite consistent throughout;

circumstances might change, but he himself never changed. An ardent and enthusiastic lover of liberty and a true and disinterested patriot, he was an indignant opponent of corruption and cant, and would fearlessly and unsparingly chastise them with a satiric flail wherever he found them. But he could also admire true nobility wherever he found it, as was shown by his moving reference to Charles I in his *Ode upon Cromwell's return from Ireland*.

He nothing common did, or mean
Upon that memorable scene,
But with his keener eye
The axe's edge did try ;

Nor called the gods with vulgar spite
To vindicate his helpless right ;
But bowed his comely head
Down, as upon a bed.

It was thoroughly typical of the man that in the same poem he should have included perfectly sincere and admiring tributes to those arch-enemies Charles I and Cromwell.

The verses he addressed to Lovelace deserve quoting in full both because of the light they shed on Lovelace's character and because they form an admirable illustration of his own point of view.

TO HIS NOBLE FRIEND, MR RICHARD
LOVELACE, UPON HIS POEMS

Sir,

Our times are much degenerate from those,
Which your sweet Muse, which your fair fortune chose ;
And as complexions alter with the climes,
Our wits have drawne th' infection of our times.
That candid age no other way could tell
To be ingenious, but by speaking well.
Who best could prayse, had then the greatest prayse ;
'Twas more esteem'd to give then wear the bayes.
Modest ambition studi'd only then
To honour not her selfe, but worthy men.
These vertues now are banisht out of towne,
Our Civill Wars have lost the civicke crowne.
He highest builds, who with most art destroys,
And against others fame his owne employs.
I see the envious caterpillar sit
On the faire blossome of each growing wit.

The ayre's already tainted with the swarms
Of insects, which against you rise in arms.
Word-peckers, paper-rats, book-scorpions,
Of wit corrupted the unfashion'd sons.
The barbed censurers begin to looke
Like the grim Consistory on thy booke ;
And on each line cast a reforming eye
Severer then the yong presbytery.
Till, when in vaine they have thee all perus'd,
You shall for being faultless be accus'd.

Some reading your Lucasta will alledge
 You wrong'd in her the Houses priviledge
 Some that you under sequestration are,
 Because you write when going to the Warre ;
 And one the book prohibits, because Kent
 Their first Petition by the Authour sent.

But when the beauteous ladies came to know,
 That their deare Lovelace was endanger'd so:
 Lovelace, that thaw'd the most congealed brest,
 He who lov'd best, and them defended best,
 Whose hand so rudely grasps the steely brand,
 Whose hand so gently melts the ladies hand,
 They all in mutiny, though yet undrest,
 Sally'd, and would in his defence contest.
 And one, the loveliest that was yet e're seen,
 Thinking that I too of the rout had been,
 Mine eyes invaded with a female sight
 (She knew what pain 't would be to lose that sight.)
 O no, mistake not, I reply'd : for I
 In your defence, or in his cause, would dy.
 But he, secure of glory and of time,
 Above their envy or mine aid doth clime,
 Him valianst men and fairest nymphs approve,
 His booke in them finds judgement, with you, love.

Andr. Marvell

Upon this poem and especially the two lines
 beginning : ' And one the book prohibits ', etc.,
 Hazlitt appears to have founded his ingenious but

incredible theory that certain of Lovelace's friends had suspected Marvell of a share in procuring Lovelace's imprisonment at the time of the first Kentish petition. Apart from the circumstance that Marvell was not even in England at the time of the Kentish troubles, but was travelling abroad and did not return to this country till 1645, it is surely quite obvious that Marvell was merely defending himself against a lady's accusation that he was one of the 'word-peckers' and other fabulous insects that had arisen to decry Lovelace's literary merit. Then who, if not Marvell, was the single person whose enduring indignation at Lovelace's behaviour in Kent several years before led him to desire to take so drastic a course as to prohibit the book? It is tentatively suggested that a misprint may be responsible for leading Hazlitt astray and carrying all subsequent writers in his wake. Possibly what Marvell actually wrote was: 'And *some* the book prohibit', etc. The emendation would improve the sense and would consort better with the preceding lines, in which a number of persons are found to be at one in resenting others of Lovelace's supposed misdeeds. Somehow the solitary objector to his Kentish activities is not really convincing.

Yet another of the poets who commended Lovelace's *Lucasta* was a Roundhead in politics. This was John Hall, who, like Marvell, was a satirist

of Court extravagance, and in his *Horae Vacivae*, published in 1646, when he was only nineteen years of age, had pilloried the besetting sins of the period with delicate but mordant irony. He had joined the Independents in 1648 and had become an indefatigable pamphleteer in their service. His political views did not, however, prevent him from being friendly with Lovelace and expressing his sincere admiration for the Cavalier in his military as well as in his literary capacity.

Lovelace would have been well advised if he had not included in his *Lucasta* so much indifferent verse of the fashionable kind, commendatory verses on the books of friends, idle compliments of uninspired facility written on special occasions. He was hazarding his reputation by concealing his choicest flowers amongst a mass of superfluous foliage. The trivialities that any man of fashion and gallantry might have turned out to suit the mood of the moment should have been banished from the printed book. It was only when Lovelace forgot that he was a man of fashion that he became a good poet. To produce fine work he needed fine inspirations, such as only Love and Honour could give him. As a 'lover militant under the banner of *Lucasta*'¹ or a soldier militant under the banner of his king he was at his best. Then, and then only, could he reveal the true Cavalier spirit that

¹ Philips, *Theatrum Poetarum*.

was within him. As a great critic has said of him :
' . . . the majority of the poems are careless and extravagant, but the few good things are the finest expression of honour and chivalry in all the Cavalier poetry of the century, the only poems which suggest what ' Cavalier ' came to mean when glorified by defeat.'¹

Many of the poems in *Lucasta* are difficult to read. This is partly, but only partly, due to the deplorable corruption of the text. The book was one of the worst printed in a period of exceptionally slovenly production. The editing seems to have been careless in the extreme ; not only are there frequent and mystifying errors in the text, but it would be difficult to discover any principle on which the poems might be supposed to have been arranged in some definite order. A possible explanation of this curious disorder, though there is no evidence to support the conjecture, may be that Lovelace was still in prison when the book was sent to the printer, and so was obliged to relegate the entire production to his tender mercies.

The obscurity of Lovelace's poetry is not, however, entirely due to corruptions in the printed text. Lovelace himself could on occasion become so involved as to be utterly incomprehensible even without the assistance of an eccentric printer. Often

¹ H. J. C. Grierson's Preface to *Metaphysical Poets, Donne to Butler*, p. xxxvi.

enough he would confuse the sense by his disregard for the natural order of words, and he would most shamelessly violate the simplest rules of grammar and syntax. The form of his verse was straightforward enough; he rarely if ever made use of complicated metres, but his processes of thought were most elaborate, and, as he was in addition apt to be elliptical and discontinuous, it is often very difficult to follow him through the tortuous labyrinths of his reasoning. Like many of the metaphysical poets of this time he was inclined to an over-fondness for paradox, while his imagery was often intricate and far-fetched. He drew many similes from alchemy, astrology, and obscure branches of contemporary medical science unfamiliar and bewildering to the present age. Much of this was merely the fashionable jargon of the time and does not necessarily imply exceptional knowledge in Lovelace. He does not, as a matter of fact, appear to have been a deeply learned man, though he had some familiarity with the French language and a superficial acquaintance with the classics, especially with such poets as Catullus and Ausonius, from whom he made translations. Nor did he show great knowledge of the work of writers of his own country. For the dramatist Fletcher, however, he professed the greatest veneration, and in his honour wrote a poem *To Fletcher Reviv'd*, prefixed to the first collected edition of Beaumont and Fletcher's tragedies.

The lyric-form was not always appropriate to the matter he put into it. Often the heaviness of the subject drove much of the grace and music out of his verse and produced a harshness that is rarely to be found in such a poet as Herrick, who understood more perfectly the lightness of touch with which the content as well as the form of the lyric should be handled.

From the time when Lovelace was released from prison little or nothing is known of his life. The scarcity of information concerning him is not astonishing, since during the years of the Commonwealth it was obviously wiser for men holding such opinions as his to retire quietly into the background and avoid drawing attention to themselves. Cromwell held the whole country firmly grasped in his mailed glove; before his military tyranny the Cavalier party was now quite powerless. But beneath the surface the spark of Cavalier sentiment still smouldered, kept alive by the very oppression which was designed to crush it. The sequestration of Royalist estates and the additional burdens of taxation that were placed upon the 'malignants', as they were called, rendered them helpless for the moment, but produced in them an undying bitterness and a resentment that sooner or later would insist on taking its revenge.

As yet the revenge the Cavaliers longed for seemed far distant. Royalism in England was so

tightly bound that it could not stir. At times the turn of events in Scotland raised hopes high only to dash them to the ground again. The Scottish Cavaliers under the gallant Montrose were crushed at Corbiesdale in 1650. But soon after the Presbyterians invited young Prince Charles to Scotland and there proclaimed him King. It is true that they were inspired less by loyalty than by self-interest and fear of Cromwell, but after the crushing defeat inflicted upon them at Dunbar, they found themselves obliged to join forces with the party known as 'The Engagers', who were more openly Royalist in sympathy. Charles actually succeeded in invading England at the head of a Scottish army, but the Cavaliers of England were not as yet strong enough to give him the support he needed, and the expedition came to a disastrous end on the field of Worcester.

Having sacrificed all his possessions in the Cavalier cause, Lovelace was now well-nigh penniless. In 1649 he was obliged to dispose of what was left of his landed estates, including his ancestral home, the manor-house of Bethersden. The purchaser was a certain Mr Richard Hulse, to whom Lovelace had already sold some of his land in 1643.¹ No doubt it was also about this time that he was forced to sell the family-portraits left to him by his mother. These and other Lovelace portraits which may have

¹ Hasted's, *History of Kent*.

belonged to the poet subsequently came into the hands of the actor, Edward Cartwright, who on his death in 1687 bequeathed them to Dulwich College, where they still remain. There were originally eight of these pictures, but one, a portrait of Lady Lovelace with a little monkey in her arms, has disappeared. Of the seven that remain the earliest, painted in 1576, shows the Elizabethan Serjeant Lovelace resplendent in his red robes of office. The poet's grandfather, Sir William Lovelace of Bethersden, is in ruff and trunk-hose with a chain of gold about his neck, and his great-uncle, Thomas, is elegantly dressed in yellow doublet and black cloak embroidered with gold, but of unprepossessing appearance notwithstanding on account of his hare-lip. The soldiers of the family, Richard himself and his father, Sir William Lovelace of Woolwich, are appropriately portrayed in armour. The poet's kinsman, Lord Lovelace of Hurley, is also included in the collection. One of the most interesting of the pictures is that which Cartwright describes as 'Althea's pictur. her hare descheull on 3 quarters clouth'. If this be really Althea, she is very disappointing; her face may be interesting, but it is by no means beautiful. There is no doubt that the lady is meant to be shown in the act of disheveling her hair, for she is passing her right hand through it as it hangs loosely about her. The circumstance opens up intriguing possibilities. In one of Love-

lace's poems, *To Amarantha* ; *that she would dishevell her haire*, he beseeches her 'to brade no more that shining haire', but 'let it flye as unconfin'd as it's calme ravisher, the winde.' Is it conceivable that the portrait was inspired by this poem and really represents Amarantha? If so, it is a portrait of Lucy Sacheverell, or whoever was the original of Lucasta; for in the long pastoral poem *Amarantha* it is definitely stated that Lucasta and Amarantha are one and the same person. Even if the portrait supposed to represent Lucasta, drawn by Lely for the *Posthume Poems*, does not offer any very marked resemblance to this picture, it does not on the other hand present an entirely different type.

If the account given by Wood of Lovelace's later years is to be believed—and it probably is in the main, since it is confirmed by a contemporary writer, Aubrey—he was at one time reduced to a condition of extreme poverty. After everything he possessed had been consumed in useless attempts to serve his sovereign, 'he grew', says Wood, 'very melancholy' (which brought him at length into a consumption). Penniless and failing in health, he is reported to have gone in ragged clothes when in the days of his glory he was wont to wear cloth of silver and gold, and he lodged now in 'obscure and dirty places, more befitting the worst of beggars and poorest of servants.' There is no doubt some slight exaggeration in this account due to the violent

contrast between Lovelace's present condition and his former circumstances, and it would have helped considerably in forming a just opinion, if Wood had not felt obliged for the sake of brevity to suppress the many other things he says he could have told 'relating either to his most generous mind in his prosperity, or dejected state in the worst part of poverty.'

In spite of his misfortunes Lovelace still continued to write. From these years date several copies of commendatory verses, including an elegy prefixed to John Hall's posthumously published work, *Hierocles upon the Golden Verses of Pythagoras. Teaching a Virtuous and Worthy Life*, 1657. Hall's own conduct seems scarcely to have been in accord with the salutary precepts set out in his book, for his death in 1656 at an early age was accelerated by intemperance and debauchery. He had never altered his Roundhead convictions and had attached himself to Cromwell, whom in 1650 he accompanied to Scotland as a sort of war-correspondent. In his elegy Lovelace made regretful allusion to the political differences that had divided him from his friend :

Alas ! our Faiths made different Essays,
Our Minds and Merits brake two several ways ;

Though Lovelace was living in straitened circumstances, his friends did not suffer him to become

entirely destitute. According to Aubrey, a Mr Edmund Wyld, whom he elsewhere describes as 'a great fautor of ingenious and good men for meer merit's sake,'—a description which might most appositely have been applied to Lovelace himself in his younger and more prosperous days—had on several occasions supplied him with money and made collections for him. He also received help from Charles Cotton, the son of his old companion, and the ingenious author of the second part of Izaak Walton's *Compleat Angler*. The story runs that Cotton and another faithful friend used regularly for many months to send him twenty shillings every Monday through George Petty, a haberdasher of Fleet Street.¹ If this be true, Lovelace, however exiguous his own resources, should have been able to lead a life, if not comfortable, at least free from actual want. Hazlitt altogether discounted the tales of Lovelace's poverty, but unfortunately he based his incredulity on a misapprehension that the Margaret Lovelace, who carried certain property to the Cokes of Norfolk on her marriage, was a daughter of the poet, whereas she was in reality his father's cousin, a daughter of Richard Lovelace of Kingsdown. She was, moreover, considerably Lovelace's senior, being already a married woman in 1630 when he was only twelve years old.²

¹ Aubrey. The name of the friend is given as Sir — Many.

² *Archaeologia Cantiana*, X.

Lovelace died in 1658 at the age of forty, his early death being no doubt in part attributable to the disappointments and hardships he had undergone. According to Wood, the scene of his death was 'a mean lodging in Gunpowder Alley, between Shoe Lane and Fetter Lane.' The place had a doubtful reputation as a haunt of doubtful persons. Probably both poverty and politics played their part in leading Lovelace to take refuge in a quarter where the inhabitants would ask him few questions, since they themselves had something to hide. Round-head oppression in those days made bedfellows of thieves and Papists, Royalists and vagabonds.

The Cavalier poet was buried at the west end of St Bride's Church in Fleet Street.¹ His tomb no longer exists, for the church was one of those burnt down in the Great Fire of 1666. Lovelaces had been buried there before, and the poet was laid to rest near to his kinsman, William Lovelace of Gray's Inn. The circumstances of his burial were regarded by Hazlitt as affording a further argument against the accounts given of Lovelace's poverty by Wood and Aubrey. 'If the poet,' he says, 'died as poor as he is represented by both writers to have died, he would have been buried by the parish, and, dying in Long Acre, the parochial authorities would not

¹ According to the writer of the article on Lovelace in the D.N.B. it was Lovelace's connection with St Bride's that suggested to Richardson the name of the hero in his *Clarissa*, and thus in the 18th century the name came into common use as a synonym for a libertine. The term still survives in France, though in England it has become obsolete.

have carried him to Fleet Street for sepulture.' But this seems to be straining the point a little too far. A pauper's funeral is not an absolutely essential consequence of indigence in life. Poor Lovelace may have been, but he was never friendless, and it is likely that even those of his friends who were least disposed to be generous would have made some contribution to his funeral expenses, if called upon, especially when they reflected that this would be the last payment they could ever be asked to make on his behalf.

Lovelace's death produced the usual crop of conventional elegies, with which in those days everyone of any consequence was pursued into the grave. They were collected and printed together at the end of the volume of his *Posthume Poems* edited by his youngest brother, Dudley Posthumus, and published within a few years of his death.¹ The book can scarcely be held to have added to Lovelace's literary reputation, and its publication is on the whole to be regretted. Among the contents are ten poems addressed to Lucasta, mostly inferior to those in the first book, several poems of the usual type written in celebration of special occasions, and some

¹ It is difficult to say when the book first appeared. The title-page of the *Posthume Poems* is dated 1659, while that of the *Eligies* bears the date 1660. Yet the fact that the frontispiece of the *Eligies* is printed on the back of the last page of the *Posthume Poems* shows that they were issued together. The engraving of Lovelace is dated 1662 and it is quite possible that the book was not published till that year.

translations of poor quality from the Latin. The rest of the poems rarely show Lovelace at his best ; but it should be remembered that the book must consist mainly of work which the poet had either discarded as worthless or else set aside for future revision. In their existing state hardly any of the poems in the book are worth printing in their entirety, though here and there, as is inevitable, the genius of Lovelace flashes out and the attention is arrested by some fine passage such as the superb line ¹ :

Like to the Sent'nel Stars, I watch all Night,

One poem stands out above the mediocre level of the rest. This is the amusing and ingenious *Ode* supposed to be addressed to an ugly but conceited lady who had desired the poet to celebrate her beauty.² Charming in its conception is the poem *Paris's Second Judgement*, written by Lovelace on his three fair nieces, daughters of his sister, Joan, and her husband, Robert Caesar, but it somehow fails in execution, and one cannot but feel that many another poet of the time could have done it better.

The lack of literary distinction in the *Posthume Poems* is in some measure compensated for by the curious and interesting engravings which adorn the work. The plate designed by Lely for the original

¹ *To Lucasta.*

² Printed on page 135.

Lucasta and representing cherubs bearing aloft a fringed cloth with the title of the book written upon it was used again for the new volume, and two other engravings made their first appearance. Intrinsically poor, they merit attention less for artistic than for biographical reasons. The frontispiece was a rough and tasteless representation of the poet himself, designed by his brother, Francis, and engraved by Hollar, whose great skill was apparently unable to make much of the soldier's crude effort. To a commonplace conception a certain quaintness is, however, given by the comically incongruous manner in which several very obvious elements have been blended together. A bust of the poet in armour is ludicrously and somewhat unstably perched on the top of a funeral urn inscribed 'Lucasta. Posthume Poems of R. L. armiger.' The urn itself stands for no apparent reason on a little hillock in an open meadow with a row of poplars in the background. On the left of it is a laurel-tree, on the right a palm against the foot of which rests an escutcheon bearing the Lovelace arms - gules, on a chief indented argent three martlets sable. In a desperate attempt to pull the composition together at the top a laurel-wreath has been introduced, suspended over the poet's head by a string stretched between the two trees. The whole is completed by the pious and affectionate inscription: 'In memoriam fratris desideratissimi



RICHARD LOVELACE

From the engraving prepared to Lovelace's *Posthume Poems* designed by Francis Lovelace and engraved by Wenceslaus Hollar.¹

delin : Fran : Lovelace, Ar. Wenceslaus Hollar
Bohem sculp.¹

The second engraving is infinitely better in conception, but scarcely in execution, though it too bears a well-known name, that of Faithorne. It was designed by Peter Lely and represents Lucasta seated beneath a tree in a rocky landscape and holding in her hand an extraordinary-looking object which, it has been suggested, is an implement for hastening the speed of tardy sheep by gentle prodding.

The *Posthume Poems* were dedicated to the Right Honourable John Lovelace, Esquire, son of the lady to whom Lovelace's former book was dedicated, and afterwards third Lord Lovelace. The contents of the book do not afford much help to the biographer, and the like can be said of the greater part of the elegies written by the poet's sorrowing friends, if one excepts a couple of lines which serve to confirm Wood's otherwise unsupported statements regarding his service abroad.

Holland and France have known his nobler parts,
And found him excellent in arms and arts.

The one elegy that is worth consideration is that by Charles Cotton, which, in spite of its inevitable

¹ A reproduction of this engraving was published by Wm. Richardson in 1795. There is also an engraving of the bust alone by J. Swaine.

fulsomeness, is couched in more restrained language than was customary in productions of this sort, and does at least give the portrait of a man rather than a demigod. Not only are Lovelace's achievements in the arts of war and peace duly celebrated, but some attempt is also made to delineate his character, and, though statements made in such circumstances should scarcely be accepted as being literally true, at least it should be possible to take it for granted that the author has chosen to praise his subject for those qualities which he did possess rather than for those in which he was notoriously deficient. The following lines can, therefore, safely be accepted as presenting a fair picture of Lovelace as his friends saw him.

So sweet a Temper into every sence
And each affection breath'd an Influence,
As smooth'd them to a Calme, which still withstood
The ruffling passions of untamed Blood,
Without a Wrinkle in thy face, to show
Thy stable breast could a disturbance know.
In Fortune humble, constant in mischance ;
Expert in both, and both serv'd to advance
Thy name by various trialls of thy spirit,
And give the testimony of thy merit.
Valiant to envy of the bravest men,
And learned to an undisputed Pen ;
Good as the best in Both, and great, but yet
No dangerous Courage nor offensive Wit.

These lines on Richard Lovelace, like the picture of him at Dulwich, might pass for a portrait of the ideal Cavalier, and that is just what Lovelace was. Philips, Milton's nephew, expresses this truth about him more shortly but no less clearly when, in his *Theatrum Poetarum*, he calls him 'an approved both souldier, gentleman, and lover, and a fair pretender to the title of poet.' He was no extraordinary or eccentric genius, but the typical product of the traditions of his class and the circumstances of his time. It is with justice that he has been compared to Sir Philip Sidney, who was as typical an Elizabethan as Lovelace was a Cavalier. Giants such as Shakespeare, Dante, and Cervantes, however much influenced by their own age, might appear at any time, but such men as Lovelace and Sidney could have been produced by no other age than their own. The whole spirit of their respective periods was distilled in both of them. And yet both have left messages behind them that have been as applicable to succeeding ages as to their own. Sidney is Chivalry, Lovelace is Loyalty. The precious ideals expressed by Lovelace in those few exquisite lyrics on which his fame now entirely rests were not merely incidental to the time nor the product of the peculiar events of his life. They are as alive now as they were then, and they will endure, to use one of his own most fortunate phrases, 'till th' sithe is snatcht away from Time.'

THE SCRUTINIE

*Song**Set by Mr Thomas Charles*

Why should you sweare I am forsworn,
Since thine I vow'd to be ?
Lady it is already Morn,
And 'twas last night I swore to thee
That fond impossibility.

Have I not lov'd thee much and long,
A tedious twelve houres space ?
I must all other Beauties wrong,
And rob thee of a new imbrace ;
Could I still dote upon thy Face.

Not, but all joy in thy browne haire,
By others may be found ;
But I must search the black and faire
Like skilfull Minerallist's that sound
For Treasure in un-plow'd-up ground.

Then, if when I have lov'd my round,
Thou prov'st the pleasant she ;
With spoyles of meaner Beauties crown'd,
I laden will returne to thee,
Ev'n sated with Varietie.

GRATIANA DAUNCING AND SINGING

See ! with what constant Motion
Even, and glorious, as the Sunne,
 Gratiana steeres that Noble Frame,
Soft as her breast, sweet as her voyce
That gave each winding Law and poyze,
 And swifter then the wings of Fame.

She beat the happy Pavement
By such a Starre made Firmament,
 Which now no more the Roofe envies ;
But swells up high with *Atlas* ev'n,
Bearing the brighter, nobler Heav'n,
 And in her, all the Dieties.

Each step trod out a Lovers thought
And the Ambitious hopes he brought,
 Chain'd to her brave feet with such arts ;
Such sweet command, and gentle awe,
As when she ceas'd, we sighing saw
 The floore lay pav'd with broken hearts.

So did she move ; so did she sing
Like the Harmonious spheres that bring
 Unto their Rounds their musick's ayd ;
Which she performed such a way,
As all th' inamour'd world will say
 The *Graces* daunced, and *Apollo* play'd.

A LA BOURBON

DONE MOY PLUS DE PITIE OU PLUS DE CREAULTE,
CAR SANS CI IE NE PUIS PAS VIURE, NE MORIR

Divine Destroyer pittty me no more,
Or else more pittty me ;
Give me more Love, Ah, quickly give me more,
Or else more Cruelty !
For left thus as I am,
My Heart is Ice and Flame ;
And languishing thus I
Can neither Live nor Dye !

Your Glories are Eclipst, and hidden in the Grave
Of this indifferency ;
And, *CAELIA*, you can neither Altars have,
Nor I a Diety :
They are Aspects Divine,
That still or smile, or shine,
Or, like th' Offended Sky,
Frowne Death Immediately.

ELLINDA'S GLOVE

Sonnet

Thou snowy Farme with thy five Tenements !
Tell thy white Mistris here was one,
That call'd to pay his dayly Rents ;
But she a-gathering Flowr's and Hearts is gone,
And thou left voyd to rude Possession.

But grieve not, pretty *Ermin* cabinet,
Thy Alabaster Lady will com home ;
If not, what Tenant can there fit
The slender turnings of thy narrow Róome,
But must ejected be by his own dombe ?

Then give me leave to leave my Rent with thee :
Five kisses, one unto a place :
For though the *Lute's* too high for me ;
Yet Servants knowing Minikin nor Base,
Are still allow'd to fiddle with the Case.

ODE

You are deceiv'd ; I sooner may, dull fair,
Seat a dark *Moor* in *Cassiopea's* chair,
Or on the Glow-worm's uselesse Light
Bestow the watching flames of Night,
Or give the Rose's breath
To executed Death,
Ere the bright hiew
Of Verse to you ;
It is just Heaven on Beauty stamps a fame,
And we, alas ! its Triumphs but proclaim.
What chains but are too light for me, should I
Say that *Lucasta* in strange Arms could lie ?
Or that *Castara* were impure ;
Or *Saccarisa's* faith unsure ?

That Chloris' Love, as hair,
Embrac'd each En'mies air :

That all their good
Ran in their blood ?

'Tis the same wrong th' unworthy to inthroned,
As from her proper sphere t' have virtue thrown.

That strange force on the ignoble hath renown ;
As *Aurum Fulminans*, it blows Vice down.

'Twere better, heavy one, to crawl
Forgot, trod on, then raised fall.

All your defections now
Are not writ on your brow :

Odes to faults give
A shame must live.

When a fat mist we view, we coughing run ;
But, that once Meteor drawn, all cry, undone.

How bright the fair *Paulina* did appear,
When hid in Jewels she did seem a Star :

But who could soberly behold
A wicked Owl in Cloath of Gold ?

Or the ridiculous *Ape*
In sacred *Vesta's* Shape ?

So doth agree

Just Praise with thee :

For since thy birth gave thee no beauty, know,
No Poets pencil must or can do so.

THE GRASSE-HOPPER

To my Noble Friend, Mr Charles Cotton.

ODE

Oh thou that swing'st upon the waving haire
Of some well-filled Oaten Beard,
Drunke ev'ry night with a Delicious teare
Dropt thee from Heav'n, where now th'art reard.

The Joyes of Earth and Ayre are thine intire,
That with thy feet and wings dost hop and flye ;
And when thy Poppy workes thou dost retire
To thy Carv'd Acron-bed to lye.

Up with the Day, the Sun thou welcomst then,
Sportst in the guilt-plats of his Beames,
And all these merry dayes mak'st merry men,
Thy selfe, and Melancholy streames.

But ah the Sickle ! Golden Eares are Cropt ;
Ceres and *Bacchus* bid good night ;
Sharpe frosty fingers all your Flowr's have topt,
And what sithes spar'd, Winds shave off quite.

Poore Verdant foole ! and now green Ice ! thy Joys
Large and as lasting^{as} thy Peirch of Grasse,
Bid us lay in 'gainst Winter Raine, and poize
Their flouds, with an o'reflowing glasse.

Thou best of *Men* and *Friends* ! we will create
A Genuine Summer in each others breast ;
And spite of this cold Time and frozen Fate
Thaw us a warme seate to our rest.

Our sacred harthes shall burne eternally
As Vestall Flames ; the North-wind, he
Shall strike his frost stretch'd Winges, dissolve and flye
This *Aetna* in Epitome.

Dropping *December* shall come weeping in,
Bewayle th' usurping of his Raigne ;
But when in show'rs of old Greeke we beginne,
Shall crie, he hath his Crowne againe !

Night as cleare *Hesper* shall our Tapers whip
From the light Casements where we play,
And the darke Hagge from her black mantle strip,
And sticke there everlasting Day.

Thus richer then untempted Kings are we,
That asking nothing, nothing need ;
Though Lord of all what Seas imbrace, yet he
That wants himselfe, is poore indeed.

APPENDIX I

Notes on some of the poems printed in this volume.

As a general rule I have followed the seventeenth century manner of printing the poems, and have not attempted to correct the arbitrary and uneven use of capitals and italics, or to interfere with the eccentric spelling and punctuation. I have, however, taken the liberty of removing brackets and substituting commas in several instances, for example in the line : ' Tell me not (Sweet) I am unkind.' The change is, no doubt, unwarrantable, and I can only plead an acute and long-standing personal prejudice against a method of printing that to my mind makes a poem look like an arithmetical sum.

SONNET. To General Goring, etc. *A la Chabot* was the name of the popular French dance-tune to which this drinking-song was intended to be sung.

l. 1. ' at the Foes rate ' means ' at the Foes' expense.'

TO ALTHEA, FROM PRISON. There are many different versions of this poem. I adhere to that in the original *Lucasta* save that I have now accepted the amendment of ' The Birds' for ' The Gods ' in l. 7. I have done so because this more reasonable variant is given in no less than four contemporary manuscript versions, while I have been able to find only one that gives ' The Gods '.

The following manuscript versions of the poem are to be found in the British Museum. The more important variations are noted.

1. ADD MSS 22,063 f. 16. Here the poem is entitled *His beinge in Prison* and is followed by an answer. The manuscript formerly belonged to Dr Bliss, and has this note in his hand against l. 7. 'It is worthy of remark that in some copies this is read 'The Gods' etc., and that Dr Percy, bishop of Dromore, took the credit of the alteration to 'Birds' as his own. It is needless to add that the present MS was written long before Dr Percy was born.'

Beyond this the divergences from the *Lucasta* version are insignificant, save for ll. 3-4 in the last stanza, which read :

A spotlesse mind, and Innocent
Calls that an Hermitage.

2. ADD MS 27,879 f. 95b. This is the MS in which Dr Percy first discovered the emendation 'The Birds'. It was formerly in his possession. The second and third stanzas are transposed. The principal divergences from the *Lucasta* version are :

2nd stanza. (3rd in this version) ll. 5-6

When thirstie soules in wine wee steepe
When cuppes and bowles goe free

3rd stanza (2nd in this version) ll. 1-4

When Lynett like confined I
With shriller note shall sing
The mercy goodnesse majestye
And glory of my Kinge.

4th stanza ll. 3-4

The Spotlesse soule and Inocent
Calls this an hermitage.

3. EGERTON MS 2725. f. 10. This MS book formerly belonged to Sir Thomas Meres, a Lincolnshire knight. Here the poem is headed *A coppy of captaine Lovelace his making when he was in prison*. The principal divergences are :

1st stanza. l. 4.

Spic'd whispers to my gates

2nd stanza. ll. 2-3.

Like to the posting Thames
Our careless heads with chapplets crown'd

3rd stanza. ll. 3-4

The sweetnesse, vertue, majesty
And mildnesse of my King

4th stanza. l. 2. 'Iron Grates'.

ll. 3-4.

A spotless mind, and innocence
Calls this an Hermitage.

4. HARL MS 2127 f. 20b. The principal divergences are :
2nd stanza.

l. 1. When flowing Cupps runn sweetly round

l. 4. Our Loyall hearts with Flames

l. 6. And Healthes in Bowles runne free

3rd stanza. ll. 1-4.

When Lynnette like Committed we
With shriller noate doe sing
The glory, might, and majesty
And goodnes of our King.

4th stanza. ll. 3-4.

A spotles minde and Inocent
Calls that an hermitage.

5. HARL MS 6918 f. 94. This is the only manuscript version which gives 'The Gods'. The poem is here headed '*Captain Loveles made this poem in his duresse at the Gatehouse.*'

Principal divergences.

4th stanza. ll. 3-4.

A spotless minde and innocent
Calls that an Hermitage.

- l. 7 Angells alone that dwell above

Since I adopted the emendation 'The Birds' for 'The Gods', it may appear somewhat inconsistent not to have adopted :

A spotless mind, and Innocent
Calls that an Hermitage.

which is found with insignificant variations in every manuscript copy mentioned above. My reason for not doing so is that I am unwilling to depart from the original more than is absolutely necessary. The other amendment was adopted solely because the phrase in the original is inclined to be somewhat obscure.

THE VINTAGE TO THE DUNGEON. Hazlitt suggested that these verses were probably composed during Lovelace's confinement in Peterhouse (1648), but, since they were set to music by William Lawes, who was killed in 1645, they must date from his earlier imprisonment in the Gatehouse. They are printed here to illustrate Lovelace, the man, rather than Lovelace, the poet.

TO HIS DEARE BROTHER COLONEL F. L. This poem is also included more for its biographical interest than for its somewhat meagre poetic merits.

TO LUCASTA, GOING BEYOND THE SEAS. l. 13. *Lucasta*, 1649, gives 'betwixt'. Professor Grierson in *Metaphysical Poetry* alters to 'be 'twixt', thus giving the sentence a verb.

TO MY WORTHY FRIEND MR PETER LILLY. l. 13. *Lucasta*, 1649, has 'he cares his cares'. I have adopted Hazlitt's emendation, though myself I would tentatively suggest 'he shares his cares'.

A MOCK-SONG. The value of this poem is political rather than poetic.

TO LUCASTA. FROM PRISON. AN EPODE. The first few lines of this poem are very obscure. An attempt to find an explanation of them has been made in the text (page 77).

THE SCRUTINIE. This appears to be the only other poem by Lovelace of which there is a contemporary manuscript copy in the British Museum. It is included in the MS book which formerly belonged to Dr Bliss. (Add MS 22,063). Here it is called *The Mutable Lover* and boasts two additional stanzas of inferior doggerel, one of which I subjoin for amusement's sake.

I'le fight, I'le fight, I'le n'ere give ore
I'le victorie obtaine,
I'le fight till I can fight noe more,
Then rest a while and to't againe
Ide rather dye than live in payne.

It is followed by a reply from the lady. Certain variations in this version give a slightly different

turn to the poem, and rob the lady of the one consolation offered to her by the poet, namely that she should find other admirers during his absence. He is here made to say :

I should all other Beautyes wronge
And rob *them* of a fresh imbrace
Should I still dote upon thy face.

Not *that* those joyes in thy Browne hayre
In others may be found :
But I must search ye blacke, ye fayre, etc.

Cotgrave printed a version of this poem in his *Wit's Interpreter*, 1662, under the title *On his Mistresse, who unjustly taxed him of leaving her off*. Many of Cotgrave's variations are adopted in Hazlitt's edition. I print the version in the original *Lucasta*.

A LA BOURBON. This, as in the case of *A la Chabot*, is the name of the tune to which the poem is meant to be sung.

ELLINDA'S GLOVE. l. 14. A minikin is a sort of musical pin attached to a lute.

ODE. (You are deceiv'd). Although the meaning is perfectly clear, there is some obscurity in the wording of the fourth line of the third stanza. *Lucasta*, 1649, gives :

Forgot, then raised, trod on fall
It is obvious that there is a mistake somewhere. Hazlitt printed :

Forgot, then raised, trod on to fall.
It is a little difficult to see what improvement is effected by his rendering.

Professor Grierson suggests to me that it is possible that the words 'trod on' were written above the line by Lovelace and were misplaced by the printer. The alteration he proposed has been adopted in the text, the meaning being that it were better to crawl forgotten and trodden on, than to be exalted by an undeserved poem, only to be cast down.

THE GRASSE-HOPPER. The Charles Cotton to whom this poem is dedicated appears to have been the father, not the son.

1. 8. Acron-bed : Acorn-bed.

11. 11-12.

And all these merry dayes mak'st merry men,
Thy selfe, and Melancholy streames.

In *Metaphysical Poetry* Professor Grierson took 'streames' as a verb and interpreted the passage 'And through all these merry days thou makest men and thyself merry, and Melancholy streames', i.e., flies away, can find no resting place. On further consideration he is of opinion that this position is untenable, and suggests that the meaning is 'Thou makest men, thyself, and melancholy streams all merry.'

APPENDIX II

Some further account of Lovelace's brothers and sisters.

Although strictly speaking it is outside the scope of this book, it may be of interest to record such further details as are discoverable relating to the careers of the rest of the Lovelace family.

The most prominent was the poet's second brother, FRANCIS, but it is sometimes a little difficult to distinguish him from two other contemporary Francis Lovelaces. The eldest of these three namesakes was the son of Launcelot Lovelace of Canterbury and considerably senior to the other two, having been admitted to Gray's Inn in the year 1609. A barrister by profession, like his kinsmen of the Bethersden branch of the family he was a Royalist, and during the Civil War took an active part against the Parliament in Kent. He was on one occasion imprisoned in Leeds Castle by order of Parliament. He was Recorder of Canterbury in the year of the Restoration, and died four years later, holding then the position of Steward of the Chancery Court of the Cinque Ports. Since his name is very often followed in contemporary allusions by the words 'of Canterbury', he is not so easily confused¹ with

¹ It would not, indeed, have been necessary to mention this gentleman, had not Hazlitt, in his edition of Lovelace's poems, repeatedly confused him with the poet's brother.

the poet's brother as is the third Francis Lovelace, a son of the first Lord Lovelace of Hurley. According to the article on this individual in the *Dictionary of National Biography* he was Deputy-Governor of Long Island about 1664 and Governor of New York and New Jersey from 1668 to 1673. The dates of his birth and death are given tentatively as 1618-1675.

Francis, the poet's brother, was born about 1620. Hitherto the following facts are all that have been definitely known about him. He fought on the Royalist side in the Civil War, and was Governor of Carmarthen when it was in Cavalier hands. As Master of the Ordnance in the forces of the Kentish Petitioners he took part in the Royalist rising of 1648 and went through the whole expedition until the fall of Colchester, when he surrendered to the enemy.

From evidence recently brought to light it now appears that it was this Francis Lovelace and not Lord Lovelace's son who was Governor of New York. Attention has been drawn by Captain C. Clarkson Shaw¹ to an account in the *Ashmolean MSS* of the interment of a Mr William Lovelace in New York, 1671. The chief mourners on this occasion were 'Tho Lovelace Esq; father of the deceased and his Lady in close Mourning, Coll Francis Lovelace p'sent Governor of New Yorke

¹ *Notes and Queries*, January 1st, 1921.

and uncle to the deceased in close Mourning single, and Capt Dudley Lovelace uncle also to the deceased in like mourning single.' Additional evidence in support of the theory that it was the poet's brother who was Governor of New York is afforded by a letter¹ from the Governor himself in which he refers to ' my neece Mrs Ruth Gorsuch ' when dealing with the subject of the guardianship of her son by Thomas Todd of Virginia, husband of her sister, Anne. Though it were just conceivable that both Francis Lovelaces had brothers called Thomas and Dudley, it is a little difficult to believe that both should in addition have had sisters who had married gentlemen of the name of Gorsage or Gorsuch.

The claim of the other Francis Lovelace seems to be based on the single statement in a newsletter that the Governor of New York was one ' Colonel Lovelace, brother of Lord Lovelace '. But a slip of this nature might easily have been made in one of these notoriously inaccurate documents. The only fact ascertainable about Lord Lovelace's son ill consorts with the conjecture that he was born about 1618, and would seem to indicate that he was a much younger man than the poet's brother. In the year 1661 he complained to the House of Lords that he had been inveigled to marry ' without the privity of his relations and much below his quality '.² This

¹ In the Congressional Library, Washington.

² *Hist. MSS Comm. 7th Report, App. 6.* 144.

plea would have seemed somewhat strange coming from a man of over forty, as he would have been then, and a man who had, moreover, already led a full and adventurous career.

It would, therefore, appear that the career assigned to the other Francis Lovelace in the *Dictionary of National Biography* should really be assigned to the poet's brother. He seems to have gone to America for the first time in 1650, when a pass was issued by the Council of State permitting him and Sir Henry Moodie with six servants to proceed to Long Island¹. Perhaps it was on this occasion that Richard addressed to him the poem *Advice to my best brother, Coll Francis Lovelace*. The opening lines : ' Frank, wil't live unhandsomely ? trust not too far/ Thy self to waving seas ' show that he was contemplating a long sea-voyage from which Richard was seeking to dissuade him. Is it far-fetched to suggest that Lovelace intends an allusion to the New World when he beseeches his brother to remain ' As if discover'd were a New-found-land,/ Fit for plantation here.' ?

In 1652 Francis Lovelace was back in England and received permission from the Council of State to go beyond the seas to seek Charles II and deliver to him an account of the surrender of Long Island to the Dutch.² He seems to have occupied himself

¹ *Cal. Stat. Pap. Dom.*, 1650, p. 539.

² *Ibid*, 1652, p. 574.

during the years of the Commonwealth in Royalist intrigues, both in England and Holland¹ and in 1659 was 'amongst those persons which were found out, being guilty of the insurrection intended to have been in Kent, but have since been apprehended, and stand committed to Lambeth House.'² At the Restoration his continued loyalty was rewarded by his being created one of the four 'Corporals' in His Majesty's Life Guard, commanded by Lord Gerard.³ It was through the Duke of York's influence that he was advanced to the proconsular posts he afterwards held in America, but unfortunately he ended by quarrelling with his patron, who accused him of not having repaid money he had borrowed from him. In 1673, while he was absent from New York, the place was surrendered to the Dutch, and his conduct being called in question he was examined in the matter on his return to England, and, though he was able to exculpate himself, he never succeeded in recovering his credit and from that time onward dropped into obscurity. The exact year of his death is uncertain, but he was no longer alive in 1686.

Still less is known of Lovelace's other brothers. THOMAS, on whose behalf Charles I wrote a letter to the Governors of Charterhouse (see page 8), was also a soldier and was serving with his brothers

¹ *Ibid*, 1655, p. 212.

² *Mercurius Politicus*, August, 18-25, 1659.

³ *Rugge's Diurnall*. (*Add MS* 10,116).

in America in 1673.¹ He appears to have been the only one of the brothers to marry.

WILLIAM LOVELACE, while still a mere youth, met his death fighting for the King at Carmarthen during the Civil War.

The youngest brother, DUDLEY POSTHUMUS, also served under Francis Lovelace in the New World.¹ He was the editor of the *Posthume Poems*. All the brothers wrote verse, though none of them possessed anything approaching the talent of their eldest brother. A copy of commendatory verses by Francis Lovelace is prefixed to *Lucasta*, while both Thomas and Dudley were among the writers of elegies on Richard Lovelace's decease.

Of the Lovelace sisters the eldest, ANNE, married the Rev. John Gorsage or Gorsuch, Rector of Walkern in Hertfordshire.² It would appear from the letter of Francis Lovelace mentioned above that two of her daughters were among the numerous members of the family living in America during the reign of Charles II.

ELIZABETH LOVELACE married Daniel Hayne of Kintbury Eaton, Berkshire, in 1664. She must have been well over thirty at the time, but she married a man of an age appropriate to her own, for Mr Hayne was then thirty-seven.²

¹ *Cal. Stat. Pap. Colonial Service*, 1669-1674. 1122.

² *Archaeologia Cantiana*, XX, Article on the Lovelace family by the Rev. A. J. Pearman.

Lovelace's youngest sister, JOAN or JOANNA, married Robert Caesar of Willian in Hertfordshire, second son of Sir John Caesar, and a grandson of the famous Master of the Rolls, Sir Julius Caesar.¹ In the year 1686 Joan Caesar was granted administration of the estate of her brother, Dudley, and that of Francis, which Dudley had left unadministered.²

Robert and Joan Caesar had three daughters, upon whom their uncle wrote the poem *Paris's Second Judgement*, in which he declared that the shepherd of Ida would have found it impossible to decide which was the fairest of the three. 'What pity,' he concludes, 'the world is but one ball !'

The three fair sisters all married. ANNE married Sir John Poyntz of Iron Acton, Gloucestershire. She died on June the 23rd, 1739, and was buried in the church of St Catherine, near the Tower of London. JULIANA married Thomas Gage of Bentley in Sussex. JOANNA married John Rampayne and died in childbed on December the 15th, 1694. She was buried in St Catherine's, and her epitaph was composed by her sister, Anne, who appears to have inherited something of the poetic tastes, if not the talents of her mother's family.

¹ This information relating to the Caesar family is derived from Lodge's *Life of Sir Julius Caesar*, 1827.

² *Add MS*, 38,900 f. 317. Letter from the Rev. A. J. Pearman to W. H. Hazlitt.

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